



THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

NOVEMBER, 1888.

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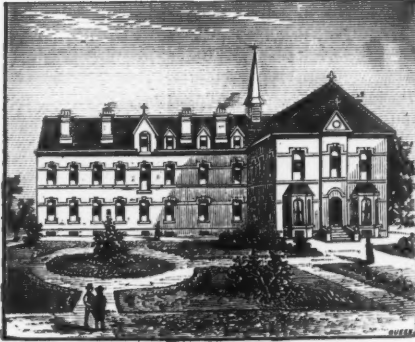
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CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, 18, WEST SQUARE, LONDON, S.E.

Work or Bread.

IT is probable that in the coming winter the authorities of many of our large towns will be confronted by crowds of men asking for work or bread ; that the request in some cases will be accompanied with menace, and with exclamations of its being better to die fighting than die starving ; that the authorities will be in doubt and trouble whether more mischief will come from granting the request or from refusing. And this reasonable expectation concerns the head and centre of the richest empire in the world, at a time when its riches were never greater and its empire never more extended. We may rightly therefore be uneasy at this unwelcome paradox, and ask ourselves, if this is so now, what is to be expected if we were engaged in a costly war, or burdened with a heavy indemnity, or deprived of some of our lucrative dependencies.

Nor can we comfort ourselves with the pious reflection that we are to have the poor always with us. Nothing is more true, and nothing less to the purpose of our present disorder. The poor in the natural and scriptural sense, the widows and orphans, the blind, the lame, the dumb, the sick and the maimed, and many other victims of particular calamities, failings and weaknesses, we shall indeed always have with us, and wherever any large portion of the spirit of Christianity prevails, they will not be wanting in support, or in the means of amending and supporting themselves, and will not constitute any social problem for solution. Further, from time to time we must expect in every country, even the best governed, some exceptional calamity, the failure of some great crop, the ravages of some great war, a pestilence or a flood, or again some change of fashion or manufacture, which for a time may deprive multitudes of their means of living. Such calamities surpass the capacity of private almsgiving, and a good Government will intervene promptly and generously with distribution of food, of seed, or of farm stock, and may set up or subsidize relief works, not indeed as a test of

destitution, but as a means of temporary livelihood. But such cases are exceptional and abnormal, their extent is definite and their duration limited ; and thus they are quite distinct from the case before us, where we see great bodies of able-bodied men habitually without means of livelihood, whose calamity has no definite origin, whose numbers have no definite limit, whose relief, if you once take it on your shoulders, appears a burden from which you can never get free. Again, as long as human nature remains the same, the most fortunate country will have its quota of vagabonds, more or less sturdy, to whom honest work is an abomination, but who lack the spirit or skill to become professional thieves, and prefer to live on what they can extort from compassion or fear, with the supplement of occasional pilferings. These worthless vagrants can be kept in check in any well organized State ; to treat them with severity is often the most merciful course, though in a Christian country there will be both the wish and the means to do something more, and to attempt the difficult task of their reformation. But to identify vagrants of this class with the great body known as the unemployed, is either to commit a gross blunder or to admit a horrible portent. Those who speak or think thus, either commit the blunder of thinking that in ordinary conditions of life a great multitude can be very bad, whereas the arrant rogues as well as the heroes and saints are but few, and the great multitude lie between. Or else they would have us believe that an immense body of Englishmen are sunk in that lowest abyss of degradation, the state of the professional beggar or tramp. That the number of these tramps is very great, many times greater than it would be in a healthy condition of society, I quite admit, but quite refuse to identify this swollen mass of corruption with the tens of thousands of workmen who for considerable portions of the year are habitually without work, and are perpetually seeking it in vain.

We have therefore to deal with at least four different categories of distress : first, those who can be called the ordinary poor, secondly, those suffering from some extraordinary calamity, thirdly, the vagabonds, and fourthly, the peculiar category of modern times, those known as the unemployed. The causes and character of these four kinds of distress are so different that the very first thing to be done, if they are to be treated successfully, is to keep them distinct, so that each separate malady may receive the treatment proper for its

removal or alleviation. But they are often mixed up in the minds of the benevolent, who will give money with impartial generosity to an orphanage, to a fund for the unemployed, and to a beggar in the streets, and imagine they are doing good alike in each case, and that one method will do for all; while the Poor Law openly and avowedly refuses to make any distinction of persons, or look at anything but the fact of destitution. It may be likened to the successful candidate for the degree of doctor of medicine in *Le malade imaginaire* who had one course of treatment for all diseases :

Clysterium donare, postea seignare, ensuite purgare ;

and was at no loss if the patient was no better for this treatment, but boldly ordered it to be repeated :

Reseignare, repurgare, et reclysterisare.

But there is a difference between the Poor Law authorities and Molière's *bachelier* ; for his treatment (if a layman dare make a conjecture in medicine) might at least have been beneficial in some diseases, whereas theirs is unfit for every category of the poor, and the only variety in its effects is the greater or less degree of mischief. This is a hard saying ; but look at each of the four classes of poor, and see if it is not true.

Let us begin with the ordinary poor, and reckon in their dealings with the Poor Law the balance of profit and loss. Under that law, as all know, there are three principal channels of relief, namely, out-door relief, the support of children in schools, and thirdly the workhouse. The first of these is not looked on with favour by the permanent officials of the Poor Law, and there is a school of reformers who would abolish this out-door relief altogether, and offer the workhouse or nothing. Yet it is probably the least mischievous of the three kinds of relief. For, at any rate, many of the poor who receive out-door relief are those who are deserving of help ; and the help they get, the bread, meat, milk, medical attendance or medicine, is, as far as the material form goes, precisely what is required. And in some places, at least in the country, no stigma is attached to the receipt of such relief : widows with children, old men and women, and those afflicted with chronic infirmity, remain on the permanent relief list of the Union, while poor labourers receive periodical help when any member of their family is laid up with sickness ; and none of these recipients of relief are held to be "paupers" in common parlance ;

they are only such in the mouth of officials and of the law. But even in these cases where the working of the Poor Law appears at its best, that best is still an abuse. True, that these poor people receive the material gifts they ought to receive ; but then the expense of these gifts falls on the wrong shoulders. A body of men have to pay who are no in way responsible for the poverty, and are wholly unable to prevent its growth. It is not even that the rich as a body are made to help the poor. On the contrary, many ratepayers are themselves on the verge of poverty, and the pressure of the rates is a cruel burden upon many a struggling small farmer or shopkeeper. I pass over the scandalous abuse by which personal property escapes, and thus the commercial and lending classes, who can best afford the charge, are the least affected by it. For this abuse is not wholly confined to the poor-rates, and is not connected with them necessarily, only accidentally and historically : being a fruit of the victories of the trading over the landed interest fifty years ago. The new Poor Law of 1834 was one of those victories, and was a tremendous blow to the power of the country justices, and to the local rule of the squire and the parson.

But were the poor-rate levied never so justly it would still remain a tax, still fall on those who ought not to pay, still weaken with disastrous effect the bonds of kinship, the claims of service, the responsibility of wealth. For who should pay if not first the kindred, each family being bound together by the ties of mutual affection and control, the strong and healthy supporting the young, the aged, and the sick, and every family at least as far as the second, and better as far as the third degree of relationship, forming a tacit society of mutual insurance ? Who should pay in the second place, if not the master and owner for the servants, tenants, and workmen on his property who have made that property of use to him, over whom he has exercised rule and control, whose moral and physical welfare are in great measure dependent upon him ? And failing kindred or master, who should pay if not those who have abundance of this world's goods ? But the relief given under the Poor Law, especially out-door relief, lessens the sense of responsibility in the minds of relatives and masters, and is a discouragement and an obstacle to private charity. The accumulated loss of gratitude, of friendly relations, of union between classes, surpasses all calculation, where relief is given by the cold and impersonal hand of the Union authority instead of by

the hand of compassion and affection. And observe that all these objections I have raised are applicable to out-door relief *at its best*; but most of those conversant with these matters will agree that this "best" part forms the lesser portion of the whole, and that the greater portion is not only liable to these objections, but to many others in addition. The law discourages enquiry into character, and would have us look only at destitution; the relieving officers, even if they had the capacity for the delicate work of discriminating between worthless and deserving, have not the time or opportunity; and although individual guardians often supplement the work of the relieving officer and do individually much good work, their powers are limited, their recommendations may not be followed, and the guardians as a whole have not the moral qualities needful for any successful visitation of the poor. Hence the idle, the profligate, and the drunken prey upon the rates; the bold and crafty get much, the timid and dull are left half-starved; the honest poor knowing the injustice in the distribution of relief, the gross impositions, the conscious or unconscious favouritism, are filled with bitterness, and to receive even out-door relief is looked on by many as a disgrace, so that precisely those who are most deserving are scared away, while the reckless and shameless take their fill.

Finally, there is a large body of poor who are not quite or not yet vagrants, or confirmed drunkards, or complete idlers, but are hovering on the verge of degradation. Among these there is a fruitful field for the kind offices of Christian charity; their material wants afford the means of approach to them, give opportunity for friendly words, for encouragement, advice, warning, even sometimes where needed, reproaches; and their tottering industry and honesty, faith and morals, may be made firm. The poverty which their weakness and folly has brought on them is thus made a remedy, and the means of giving them strength and wisdom. But relief under the Poor Law has none of this remedial efficacy; on the contrary, in most places and in most forms, its effect is to degrade the recipient, he is much more likely to learn to lie, than to learn to give up lying; more likely to be confirmed in his bad habits, than reformed; and oftener than not will illustrate in his own person the saying: once a pauper, always a pauper.

Our conclusion therefore on out-door relief is this, that all cases of ordinary poverty where such relief is required, ought to

be left to private charity, which is fully able and willing to help them; and that relief given under the Poor Law always involves an injustice, usually produces a horrid crop of evils, and renders difficult or impossible any proper organization of genuine almsgiving.

But out-door relief is not the only channel of compulsory benevolence; and my readers may ask if something better cannot be said of the other two, namely, the schools under the Poor Law, and the workhouses. On the schools we need not say much, for my readers are those who know the need of all education, if it is to be profitable, being permeated by religion, and the need of separating off the bad children to prevent the rest being contaminated. But in many of the schools the first condition is not observed, and in none is it possible properly to observe the second; for children that become chargeable to the rates cannot be refused admission, from however vile surroundings they come. And thus, although in exceptional cases where the managers of these schools are men of exceptional capacities, there is a certain appearance of success, in the main they are a failure; witness among other things the number of orphanages established by private charity for this very class of children, and the efforts of many philanthropists to abolish these schools altogether and substitute the plan known as boarding-out—not a bad plan in itself, but unfit to be adopted on a grand scale as a substitute for schools. These schools, be it observed, I have considered in their reformed state, namely, those called District Schools, and separated from the workhouse. But in the majority of Unions, even now, the children are brought up in the workhouse itself, in a horrible atmosphere of vice and degradation, from which no rules of classification and official regulations from Whitehall are able to shield them—an evil that might have moved the very stones to compassion, and yet for fifty years has been suffered to remain.

This brings me to the third channel of relief, the workhouse, on which public opinion is still so misinformed, or principles are so crooked, that a Protestant clergyman, in a letter to a public newspaper, can speak of it as teaching a lesson in thrift, industry, and honesty. It would be well if he could show one single man who had ever learnt such a lesson in such a place. In truth, did we not know the wonderful capacity of men to grow blunted to horrors, to close their eyes to what they do not.

wish to see, we should be amazed that in a country where at any rate there are so many remnants of Christian feeling, so many hearts full of kindness to the poor, these places of cruelty and horror should for so many years have been suffered to stand. There is indeed an excuse of the same nature as our excuse for permitting during the same period several millions of our fellow-subjects in different parts of our Empire to perish miserably by famine. Our legislators have been deluded by a number of false and most un-Christian doctrines promulgated by Political Economists; the remonstrances of common sense and humanity have been held up to ridicule as being ignorant and sentimental; and a whole generation of Englishmen have been steeped in false teaching, and had to surrender humanity if they were to make any claim to enlightenment. The enlightenment (as we are generally beginning to see) was nonsense, but nonsense that caused incalculable misery at the time, and has left us many a legacy of mental confusion and social disorder.

One of these is the workhouse. Now what is a workhouse, not as it may be described in official language, but as it is, as we ourselves should find it were we obliged to take refuge within its walls? It is a place where the poor can receive food, clothing, and shelter, on the whole sufficient for bare life, and this at public cost and as long as they please. But in return they must suffer punishment, and be assimilated in many ways to the inmates of a criminal prison. Their food itself is scanty and repulsive, being on the whole (as a competent observer has calculated¹) not even nominally quite so good as prison fare; their clothing like prison clothes is a uniform of shame; their name of paupers is a term, like convicts, of opprobrium; their liberty also is strictly curtailed, as they must keep (with rare exceptions) within the walls or precincts of the workhouse. True that any inmate, over sixteen years of age, can leave at any time after a very short notice; but for many this freedom is illusory, for as poverty drove them in, and as they can neither earn anything (with rare exceptions) or learn any means of livelihood within, not a few are practically prisoners for life. Further, if their bodily health admits, they are compelled to perform tasks,

¹ Rev. J. W. Horsley in his interesting volume, *Jottings from Jail*, pp. 212—214. But the point is not so much the nominal as the real fare; and there is reason to believe that in many workhouses, through the peculation of the pauper officers who have to deal with the stores and the cooking, what the bulk of the inmates get to eat is much short in quality or quantity of the regulation fare.

generally breaking stones or picking oakum, that are held to be penal and degrading. And another likeness to the condition of criminals is the separation of the different members of a family. The father must go to one department, the mother to another, the boys to a third, the girls to a fourth, the infants to a fifth, and they are only allowed to meet all together for a brief half an hour once a week.

These penalties are severe, but they are not all; for besides forced separation there is forced association, and association with whom? With the scum and refuse of society, with men who cannot frame a sentence without oaths and obscenity, and with women who are worse than the men. Into the midst of this horrid crew the honest man or woman is plunged without possibility of escape; for the same rules of classification which separate him from wife and children, place him amid these vile companions; he must work with them, he must take recreation with them, he must sleep in the same room with them, locked into the dormitory with them through all the hours of the night. For discrimination, according to previous character in our present circumstances, even if legal, is scarcely possible or practised, and is wholly at variance with the first principle of the Poor Law, which is to look not to merit, but only to destitution. Nor let me be accused of exaggerating the evil. It is true that all the inmates are supposed to behave properly, and are liable to penalties for misbehaviour. But I am not dealing with official formulas, but with facts. Again, it may be true that in some workhouses the proportion of bad characters is small; but then, it has well been pointed out, one or two of such men or such women are enough to infect a whole ward by their vile presence. And remember that of the inmates who are not bad characters, a large proportion are morally weak, and wholly incapable of restraining and repressing the minority of bad. Nor is it any wonder that, cut off from innocent recreations, they are glad to relieve the tedium of that dreary imprisonment by listening to varied tales of crime and licentiousness. Remember, also, if you would judge rightly of the proportion of the very bad, that the workhouse is the refuge, *par excellence*, of the most depraved of men and women without any shame, who use the shelter it affords as a base of operations, a resting-place between their bouts of drunkenness and debauchery, or their expeditions of petty larceny, and professional begging. It serves as a lying-in hospital for

the birth of illegitimate children ; it is first the occasional refuge, then the frequent resort, finally, as age advances, the habitual residence of women of bad character. Hence it is not too much to say that for the young to enter a workhouse—whether lads or girls—is moral ruin ; and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they will come out hopelessly depraved. And as evil springs from evil, the officers, by having daily to deal with the most repulsive of their fellow-creatures, are too likely to treat all paupers alike with harshness and extreme disdain, a matter of little consequence to the degraded, but a cruel wound to the honest poor. The powers also of the Master of a workhouse being *de facto* so arbitrary, cannot but be periodically abused. But this is a light evil compared with the abuse of power by the petty officers appointed by the Master among the paupers themselves, who get all sorts of opportunities to plunder and oppress. And when we are occasionally horrified at the cruelties practised on some inmate, perhaps some feeble old man, by his fellow-paupers, let us remember that for one case that comes to light, a hundred lie hid.

Such is the workhouse ; and being such, its unfitness for the relief of ordinary poverty is plain indeed ; and even where, by an exceptional good fortune, the infirmary for the sick is kept in a building, and furnished with a staff entirely distinct from the workhouse proper, so that it is assimilated to a hospital, there remain the evils already urged against out-door relief, that those are burdened with the heavy cost who ought not to be, that those who ought to pay are demoralized by their exemption, that many make use of the Infirmary who ought not, many who deserve its benefits fail to receive them, while the occasions for gratitude and reformation, and for strengthening the bonds of society, are thrown away. This is in-door relief in its highest form. Its lowest form I have not yet mentioned, because it is hardly meant for the ordinary poor, but for tramps. Still, an honest and industrious man may be reduced to take his place among casual paupers, and seek the casual ward for a refuge. The treatment of this class of paupers, of whom perhaps nine-tenths are rogues and vagabonds, varies in different Unions, but on the whole may be said to be a treatment of senseless severity. I will not enter on the repulsive details ; enough that the food and shelter are given under such conditions that you would think the intention was to scare away all who had the least regard

for decency, the least desire to get work on the following day.¹ And see now the consequences of this, and of all the rest of this evil structure of the Poor Laws. For the ordinary poor, the relief given under these laws is not merely unsuitable, but noxious—I have said enough, I hope, to make this plain. But further, by a curious infelicity, this relief is equally unsuitable, though in another way, for the rogues and vagabonds. The moral abominations and detestable company of the workhouses and casual wards are no repellent to them, but an allurements. The disgrace and scorn heaped on the inmates fall harmlessly on their shameless heads. Even the physical severities they can afford to laugh at; for partly they have grown hardened to them, partly by familiarity, like an old soldier in a camp, they know how to get through the necessary tasks with ease and speed, and make themselves comfortable in their surroundings. And the craftiest scoundrels among them will have learnt the art of gaining the favour of the workhouse authorities, and perhaps securing some petty post of profit and advantage. Far, therefore, from either reforming or repressing professional beggars and habitual vagrants, this poor relief is an encouragement to them to remain in their degradation.

We have yet to look at the two other classes of the distressed, those afflicted with some exceptional calamity, and the unemployed. That the machinery of the Poor Law cannot provide for the first class is generally admitted; and as we are not suffering from any such calamity at present, I can pass over this form of distress. For obviously when a district is for a time half ruined, as parts of Lancashire during the cotton famine, the impoverished ratepayers are not in a position to meet the ordinary poor-rates, much less to provide for this new necessity.

But cannot the Poor Law, though it fail for all the other classes of the destitute, come to the rescue of the unemployed, the multitudes namely of men who are seeking work and cannot find it? Alas! it is as unfit for helping them as for helping the rest. To break up their homes, and bring them with all their families into the workhouse, is not to relieve their distress, but to perpetuate it; and would besides be physically impossible for more than a small fraction of the unemployed; the work-

¹ The casual pauper is not entitled to discharge himself till nine o'clock on the following day, and not even then unless he has done the task of picking oakum or breaking stones assigned him.

houses would be swamped by their numbers. To give simple out-door relief, besides being illegal, would, at least in the towns, open the door to endless imposture, and burden the unhappy ratepayers with the support for an indefinite time of an army of idlers. In the country, indeed, this plan is sometimes adopted, the law evaded,¹ and the abuse of the old Poor Law renewed, by which employers got the parish to pay part of the wages of their labourers, or the rent of their cottages. In the towns, some Unions offer nothing to the unemployed but the workhouse, which means worse than nothing; others open relief works, but what works! In obedience to the law, the work is not to be held a means of earning the pay (generally miserably insufficient) that is given, but only as a test of destitution; it is a task (as Mr. Peek has observed) that is cruel and degrading to respectable men, generally stone breaking in the parish stone-yard, as though the suffering poor were a gang of convicts. And this mockery and waste of labour is liable to the same objection as the other forms of relief, that if all who had a right to it claimed it, it could not be granted, and thus is not only insulting and mischievous, but self-contradictory.

See now the conclusion we have reached. It is nothing less than this, that relief under the Poor Law is altogether unfit for any of the four classes of the destitute; and is not even an inefficient remedy, but rather a poison with varying degrees of virulence. Unhappily, it is one thing to recognize this calamity, another to remedy it; nor is it the work of a day to root out false principles and bad habits that have been instilled for many a past year into both rich and poor. Still a great step will have been made in the way of reformation when there is agreement on the injustice, the cruelties, the horror and mischief of our Poor Laws, and the purpose of this paper is to promote this agreement. I will not stop, indeed, at mere pulling down of abuses, for this is easy work (at least on paper), but I will add a brief outline of what should take the place of the Poor Laws, lest I be like a physician who tells the patient that his case has been lamentably mismanaged, but declines himself to give an opinion or a prescription.

I have already spoken of the necessity of distinguishing

¹ On the ground of ill-health or some infirmity, either of the man himself or of some member of his family, what is practically out-door relief to the able-bodied can be given, and the Local Government Board outwitted.

the different categories of the destitute, if relief is to be properly given to any of them, the four principal categories being the ordinary poor, the extraordinary poor, that is, sufferers from some catastrophe, thirdly the rogues and vagabonds, and fourthly the unemployed. Now, it is all-important to keep them and treat them apart, and by making proper provision by the law for the last three, to leave the ordinary poor to the care of the charitable. How the sufferers from some catastrophe are to be helped by Government I have already pointed out; the particular distributions and particular relief works must naturally depend upon the nature of the catastrophe, upon the locality, and upon the Government. But in all cases the relief is essentially transient. For even supposing the means of living of the sufferers has been totally destroyed, the Government will bodily transplant them to where they can get a living, and then, to use the words of diplomacy, the incident is terminated. But these same means of relief assume a totally different character when used for permanent or frequently recurring distress. They are converted into a mere palliative to gain time, fail to touch the roots of the disorder, rather tend to increase it, and require to be repeated in ever-growing quantities, like attempting to cure some organic disease with sleeping draughts and anaesthetics. Unhappily, many benevolent people still look on the unemployed as though they were an exceptional phenomenon, and could be healed with the means suitable to an exceptional calamity. And by a natural reaction, there is a still worse confusion in the minds of many of the rich who, perhaps often deceived in their benevolence, and grown hardened and cynical, confuse the unemployed with the rogues and tramps; and manifesting openly in the public press their scorn and abhorrence of the poor, are like to bring us all to ruin, unless we can stop their mouths, or soften their hearts.

How then will you help the unemployed? This question, let me remind my readers, I endeavoured to answer at length more than two years ago in a paper in this Review (*THE MONTH*, June, 1886), and here it must suffice to sum up under two heads, the recommendations there given, the one being negative, the other positive. First, then, let all overwork among the poorer classes of society be forbidden. I know, indeed, quite well that by any number of prohibitions all overwork cannot be prevented; but still some is prevented even now, and an immense quantity more is capable of prevention.

In a word, I ask that the protection given by the Factory Laws to certain classes of the poor be extended as far as possible to all. This, indeed, is only negative, and less than half the reformation; the chief part is what is positive, and is the key of the situation, though to judge from the endless inquiries, commissions, and reports, upon the poor and the unemployed, from the contradictory recommendations of social reformers, and the lame and impotent conclusions of bewildered commissioners, very few have yet got the key in their hands.

Now the key is this: instead of the general responsibility which exists at law of providing work or bread, and which has induced us through the natural dread of an overwhelming burden, to couple relief with degrading conditions: let there be particular responsibility for particular poor. Let the first charge on all produce be the decent support of the poorer workmen who have taken part in the production. Let all who derive income in the shape of rent, profit, or interest from farms, factories, mines, railways, shops, or houses, be responsible, in proportion to their share of income, for all those who live and labour on this property, and let every master be responsible for his servants. The responsibility I am now contemplating is the liability to support any of these poor people who may become destitute, and to support them for at least a year after they have ceased to be tenants, workmen, or servants. And when I say this should be the law, I mean a law that cannot be easily evaded. For example, if any large body of men were to be employed in some speculative work, and there was no adequate property in case of failure to support the workmen for the space of a year, a deposit of caution money or some other security would have to be handed over to the public authorities before such work was allowed to begin.

In this and other ways, according to circumstances, the law of individual responsibility could be enforced. In a few years after it had been enacted, we should hear little of the unemployed. The first few years, indeed, we should have to get through as best we could, and perhaps have to resort to distributions of food (as far as possible only to those past middle life), and relief works (as far as possible useful works, and in the country). But soon the operation of the new law would allow this relief to be discontinued. The bulk of employment, instead of being as now, precarious, would be permanent, and workmen would not be turned on or off

as though they were water from a tap. People would know the poor for whom they were responsible, instead of as now being liable to an indefinite obligation to support unknown people for an unknown time. Poverty, we are often told, is mainly the result of the vices of the sufferer. Suppose it is so, and then see the advantage of making it the pecuniary interest of every owner and master to prevent the vices of his dependents. Various laws to promote the health, the thrift, and the virtue of the poorer classes would no longer be set at defiance, when the rich and powerful were interested in enforcing them. And if the present law gives employers, masters, and owners insufficient control, in particular over the young, they would have an irresistible claim on the Legislature to grant them the powers needful to fulfil their obligations, and to prevent the destitution for which they would be liable. Hence apprenticeship in its widest sense would be restored, and the senseless and ruinous liberty now possessed by the girls and youths, not of the upper and middle, but of the lower classes, would be taken away. Moreover, the greatest impetus would be given, not to socialistic schemes of national insurance, but to all the useful forms of private and mutual, and local and professional insurance, the task of the Government being merely to facilitate their existence, and prevent their abuse. And if the law led to the restriction of reckless competition, and fostered the restoration of trade guilds, so much the better for masters and men, for tradesmen and the public.

This, then, is the key of the situation; if we grasp it, the rest of our difficulties concerning the destitute will be easily overcome. Thus, having eliminated the genuine unemployed, we can turn with resolute humanity to the tramps and rogues who have hitherto been mixed up with their betters. If a man or woman is convicted of being a tramp, let them be taken and placed on a mendicant farm, something on the plan of those in Holland or Switzerland, and there kept till their reformation (not unlikely, therefore, till their death), and let them be forced to perform useful labour. Let their children be taken from them, and if too young to have imbibed much mischief, be sent, perhaps, to some distant colony; the older children to a juvenile mendicant farm. Moreover, persons convicted of persistent drunkenness or idleness, or men deserting their families, could be sent for a suitable time to one of these genuine reformatories.

Having in this way, or in some way similar, eliminated the rogues and vagabonds, we are left with the ordinary poor whom we can never eliminate, and ought not to wish to if we could. For these, as far as money is concerned, there is abundant provision in the sums that are actually given in this country in voluntary alms, and of which a large portion at present is absorbed by idlers and tramps. No poor-rate would be required, no paid relieving officers, no heavy budget of costs of administration; charitable work could be organized without being turned into a sort of volunteer police force; and the poor according to their needs could be relieved in their homes, or placed in almshouses, orphanages, or hospitals. But I am not now concerned with the works of Christian charity, only with the fact that they would have a fair and free field opened to them once more if the way was cleared by the destruction of the Poor Law system, and the substitution of particular instead of general responsibility.

But many of my readers may not altogether like these reforms, or may see a phalanx of objections. I would ask them to try in earnest themselves to answer their own objections; and then, if they are still troubled with an insoluble residuum, I will try to offer a solution. One objection indeed I will anticipate, that this reform would burden the rich in general, and landlords in particular, with a tremendous obligation. I answer that the present burden will not be increased but altered in character, lessened in weight, and placed on the right shoulders. For all practical purposes the claim to work or bread is admitted, only it is granted in such a manner as to cause the greatest possible injury to the poor with no corresponding gain to the rich. The reform would not increase but rather lessen the number of indigent whom in some way we are bound to feed; and far from injuring the resident landlords and farmers, would bring them a great alleviation, by compelling the commercial classes, the holders of stocks and shares, and the holders of mortgages and rent charges, all to contribute their proper share according to their income, instead of escaping as now almost scot-free. Undoubtedly some people would feel the change severely: the idlers and drunkards among the poor would not like it, and it would be almost as unwelcome to those of the rich who wish to have all the advantages of riches without any of the cares and responsibilities. But such rich people in these days are a danger to the rest, and threaten

to bring the whole structure of property tumbling about our ears. And finally I will say to critics and objectors, that we want something more than objections. Our present Poor Laws are a horrible abuse, and only the blindness of official optimism cannot see that they are doomed. The only question is what is to come in their place; and as Socialism below and State Socialism above are rapidly advancing upon us, it is time to make ready to meet them, which is scarcely done by burying our heads in the sand. It is not sufficient therefore for any one to say that the proposed reform in our treatment of the indigent and unemployed is the wrong way out of our difficulties: he must say something more, and show us the right way.

C. S. DEVAS.

The Missionary Crusade in Africa.

II.—ASABA.

VERY soon after arriving at Asaba, my brother-Judge Mr. Kane and I were informed that "human sacrifices" of the brutal kind I have described in the October number of THE MONTH, were being constantly perpetrated by the neighbouring tribes, and within a short distance of our residence. We at once felt that no court of justice worthy of the name could be established there which allowed slaves to be murdered at its very doors, and that a determined effort must be made to put a stop to such atrocities. At the same time we knew that the government by the Niger Company was as yet only establishing itself, and that to engage in a useless struggle would only do harm, and perhaps make the slave's lot worse than ever.

But within a fortnight of our arrival we received a message from the Chiefs of Asaba to say that they wished to pay us a visit. As the Chiefs with the *juju*, or fetish-men, are mainly instrumental in keeping up these brutal customs, we decided that we could not receive them unless we could at the same time speak to them very decidedly about these murders. As a Judge on the Gold Coast I had been accustomed to sit in court with the native Chiefs, who assisted me in the administration of their laws and customs, and of course the rule of the British Government had already put an end to those customs which are contrary to humanity. When I went out to the Niger territories, I did so with the hope that I might be able to carry out some similar mode of procedure with the Chiefs, but to do so with murder existing among them as a legal and religious custom was impossible. The inhabitants of the Niger territories are, for the most part, complete savages, many of them cannibals, and it was evident that it would require arguments of physical force, as well as of reason, to put down customs like these. The Niger

Company has done something to put them down in parts where its influence has been established, but at Asaba these murders were constant. The neighbouring tribes are not under the rule of a head Chief, or King, with feudal Chiefs under him, which is the usual form of government in West Africa. Instead of this, there is an immense number of petty Chiefs, scattered among the numerous villages, and reckoned at not fewer than 500, who are distinguished by wearing red caps, and who are all equal in power and have no supreme head. These elect a council of fifty, who consult together for the common good, but the multiplicity of rulers is a source of great weakness to the tribe. Each Chief has to kill at least two victims before he can put on a red cap, and at the funeral of each not less than three slaves must be sacrificed before the corpse can be buried.

It was evident that to interfere with a custom so woven with the ancient traditions of the people would be a serious matter, and therefore we consulted the officers of the Company and others as to whether it could be done. The Commandant of the Constabulary was the first to tell us of these brutalities, and urged their being put down at once. The political agent of the Company, Mr. Taylor, a native of Sierra Leone, who knew the people and the state of the country well, warmly approved of our speaking decidedly, provided it was shown that we meant it and would not be trifled with. We also consulted Mr. Macauley, the minister of the Church Missionary Society, a native of Lagos, as we did not wish to place his mission in unnecessary danger. He entirely agreed with Mr. Taylor, and both of these gentlemen gave us all the advice and support they could during all that took place. We therefore fixed a day on which we would receive the Chiefs, and in the meantime, with Mr. Taylor's assistance, we visited the Juju Grove, where many of the massacres take place, without its getting known that we had done so.

On the 27th of March about forty Chiefs with attendants and slaves came to our house, with a great noise of ivory horns, drums, and bells. When they had all assembled in our large room and in the verandah outside, we went in, wearing our robes and took our seats, having Father Lutz of the Onitsha Mission, and Mr. Macauley of the Church Missionary Society beside us, as well as two officers of the constabulary, and two or three other Europeans who were then at the station. Never had I seen so dreadful a looking set of human beings as

were then before us. They had not only the usual appearance of savage warriors, but this was made much worse by streaks of white paint round their eyes and about their faces. I began to doubt whether it would be safe to tell these men that if they sacrificed slaves they would be hanged for it, and the thought came forcibly upon me that, if they sprang suddenly upon us, we should have but little chance of escape. However, I began to speak to them, and Mr. Taylor interpreted in so vigorous and forcible a manner, that I warmed up to the occasion, and spoke so that there should be no mistake as to what was meant. I explained to them that we came as friends and wished to promote their good. I told them I had for years been good friends with Chiefs and people on the Gold Coast, some of whom had given me a warm welcome on my way out to the Niger, and that I came among them hoping to establish a similar friendship between them and the Judges of the Company, but that on arrival my heart was made sad by finding that they were in the habit of killing people. I told them of our visit to their Juju Grove, where we saw two skulls of young children who had been recently murdered, and also that we knew of two slaves having been put to death only a few days before at a tree quite near us. I then told them plainly that there could be no peace or friendship between us so long as that went on, and that any person, whether Chief or Juju man or anything else, who was found guilty of such murder, would be hanged. It was very evident that these words lost none of their force in the process of interpretation by Mr. Taylor, who afterwards acknowledged that he felt a little anxious about their immediate effect, which most certainly I did. However, they all kept very quiet and silent, though some of the Chiefs indulged in little derisive laughs. I finished up with again hoping that we should all be friends, and that the rule of the Niger Company would bring them peace and prosperity. When I had finished I introduced Mr. Kane to them, explaining that I was too old to remain with them, but that he would do so, and that he also wished to be their friend. In a few words he told them that this was true, but that he agreed with every word I had said about the murder of slaves, and that when I was gone he would carry out the policy I had laid before them.

When we had finished a great clatter of tongues broke out, and every one seemed to give vent to his feelings at the same time. We were glad to retire until they had finished, but let

them know that we would not press for an immediate answer to the part about the sacrifices. On our return a spokesman made a reply which was friendly and respectful, and promised they would return again when they had consulted with the other Chiefs and the old people.

They then adjourned to the neighbouring market-place, where we heard much excited talking, and Mr. Taylor found out that there was already a strong party in favour of putting an end to killing people. It happened however that within a few days two Chiefs of the immediate neighbourhood died, one of whom, on account of his age and position, was looked upon as a leader, and was to have acted as spokesman on the return visit. The natives were therefore placed in a difficult position, for according to immemorial custom, neither of these chiefs could be buried until three lives had been sacrificed at the funeral of each. We received messages informing us of the difficulty, and suggesting that we should allow the custom to be carried out in these cases, and they would then come and talk the matter over. We informed them through Mr. Taylor that this was impossible, and that we should hold the Chief of each village where the funeral took place responsible for any murder of slaves. Mr. Taylor had a band of followers, collected from various tribes, and including Asabas, by whom he was able to learn everything that was going on. He informed us that the funeral of the principal Chief was fixed for Friday the 6th of April, and the other for the following Sunday. It seemed however to be his opinion that if we were firm and let them understand that, if necessary, force would be used, they would give in. There was such a strong military force at Asaba that we felt no hesitation in keeping firm, and never supposed the Asabas would take the line they did. In fact on the Friday morning the Agent-General Mr. Flint, and several of the officers of the Company who had come to Asaba for an important trial, left the place beyond recall and without any one supposing things would take a very serious turn within a few hours after they left. But about mid-day Mr. Taylor informed us that the funeral ceremonies were commencing, and that three slaves were already placed beside the corpse, who would be sacrificed at night. The regular firing of guns announced what was going on. We at once sent a messenger to demand that the slaves should be brought into the barracks, but without effect. We sent for the Commandant, who at once undertook to rescue the

slaves, but said he would remain with a strong reserve in the barracks, ready to advance if a single shot were fired. His plan was to send a force under the command of a naval officer, who came out with us to join the force, and therefore could know but little of the men or of the country. Thinking he ought to go out himself, I suggested that I would go with the men, as I fancied he would not allow of this. But on the contrary, he seemed to think it an excellent plan, and that my experience in the Ashanti War specially fitted me to take the command, and on my declining this honour, urged that I should take charge of a Gatling gun. This I also declined, but said I would go with the men. Judge Kane was only just recovering from his first fever, but insisted on accompanying me. Mr. Taylor was evidently of opinion that under the circumstances we had better go. Unfortunately the medical officer of the Company, Dr. Crosse, was dangerously ill at the time, and could only protest from his bed against our going. He is a man who has done much, both as a doctor of the sick and a hero in the fight, to give the Company the supremacy it now possesses on the Niger. To him, both as a doctor and a cheering friend, I owe more than I can tell. But at that time he was helpless and his life in danger, so that I saw nothing for it but to go, and though the Judge ought to have been in his bed, I felt deeply grateful to him for his determination to go with me.

At the time appointed we went to the barracks which adjoined our compound, and found Mr. Taylor and his men all ready, but as to the constabulary, even the ammunition had not yet been served out. I saw that we must depend entirely on Mr. Taylor as the leader, and in time we marched out with seventy men, armed with Martini rifles and a Gatling gun. Mr. Taylor and his men led; the Judge and I walked in the centre of the column. From all I had heard my own expectation was that the Asabas would take to flight as soon as they saw the force advancing. But I speedily became painfully aware that I had made a mistake, for the further we advanced the greater the number of armed natives we saw gathering together about the houses and compounds near the road. I was thankful to notice that their muskets had only flint locks and that no rifles were to be seen, but some stalwart men swaggered close by us, armed with as ugly looking spears as I could ever wish to see. After some time, having marched about a mile and a half, we arrived at the compound where the funeral custom was being carried

on, and came upon a scene of intense excitement. We halted, and our naval commander made all preparations for a fight. Inside the compound we saw the chief of the family, armed with a musket, and struggling violently with his attendants, who evidently were horribly afraid lest he should succeed in firing it at us. In another direction a Chief was engaged in a similar struggle, and behind the hedges of the compounds were many men ready to fire on us. Mr. Taylor and his men at once advanced into the funeral compound to calm the excitement by gestures and friendly words, and found that the corpse and the slaves had all been removed. It was an intensely anxious time, for it was evident that if a single shot were fired, we should immediately be hotly engaged in a fight at close quarters, in which both flint guns and spears could be effectual. It was therefore a great relief to see three men come forward carrying stools, which meant that they wished to hold a "palaver." We went to where they sat, with Mr. Taylor as interpreter. With all the politeness which is invariably to be found in these savage people, the spokesman commenced by thanking us for the honour we had done them in coming to pay them this visit. I knew they would prefer taking our heads, but was glad to hear the sentiment expressed. They then proceeded to promise that if we retired the slaves should not be killed. I proposed to Mr. Taylor that we should carry off one of these men as a hostage, but giving a look round, he said we were not strong enough. The fact was that he was in great anxiety lest any harm should come to the Judge or me, or else I am sure he would have settled matters on the spot. So having received this promise we marched back again, and saw what made us fully understand that if we had begun to fight we should have encountered hundreds of armed men on all sides as we returned.

That night at nine o'clock the firing of a big gun announced that the three slaves had been sacrificed. Very possibly the men who promised they should not be slain meant that the promise should be kept, but the angry Chief who wished to fire on us, supported by the young warriors, carried all before them, and insisted on the custom of their country being carried out. After all was over they began to collect outside our compounds, thinking we might at once go out to revenge the murder, and extra guards were placed round the premises. The next day some messengers came in from the Asabas wishing to see me and talk over the matter. I declined to have anything to say to

them, but Mr. Seago, one of the officers of the Company whom we had sent for from the nearest factory, gave them an interview and found them very defiant. They made some complaints against the Company, saying nothing about the murders, and intimated that they were quite ready to fight. This was followed up by numbers collecting in the bush outside and firing off guns, accompanied by defiant shouts and gesticulations to the sentries and any one they could see, but no attack was made. At night the entire premises of the Company were fairly besieged by numbers of armed men in the bush just outside a thin and fragile paling. Still I did not yet suppose there was anything very serious in it all, and the next day being Sunday, Mr. Kane and I went to Onitsha in a canoe as usual for Mass. We knew the second funeral was to take place that evening, and before we started I sent a message through Mr. Taylor to say that my eyes were open and that I was watching all they did.

It was a very hot day, with the thermometer at 90° in the house and no breeze, and in the afternoon we were all glad to lie still and keep quiet. But the Asabas were of a different mind, and collected in the neighbouring bush in a very threatening manner, but gave out that they wished our men to fire first, and they did all they could by gesture and mocking words to provoke the Houssas to fire. In the evening Mr. Taylor came to tell us that things had now assumed a most serious aspect, and that the Asabas had sworn to kill Judge Kane and me, as well as him, and were evidently going to fight. Fortunately Dr. Crosse was now better, and the prospect of a fight seemed to hasten his recovery. He immediately took steps to put our house and compound in a state of defence, in which he was ably assisted by Mr. Crutwell, a young man acting as his medical assistant. Mr. Seago had returned to his factory, as we had resolved to take no active measures until the Agent-General had come back. Mr. Taylor strongly advised that I should pass the night in the barracks, as the Asabas were determined to try and get my head. So I was taken over there under a strong guard, the Judge, like a true Irishman, preferring to remain with the fighting party at our house. It was a night of constant alarms, but no attack was made. We found out however that there had been another murder at the second funeral.

The next morning all was very quiet, and there were no

signs of the enemy, so I returned to our house for breakfast. As it was evident that there must now be a fight, Dr. Crosse and Mr. Taylor both recommended that the Judge and I should remove for a time to Onitsha, as our presence would add greatly to their anxieties. So we prepared to go, and after breakfast I sat down to have a cup of coffee and a pipe. I was in the quiet enjoyment of these, when we heard the enemy coming in strong force, singing their war song, and with every appearance of making an immediate attack. I promptly retired to the barracks, followed by Mr. Kane, and was most anxious that an immediate attack should be made on the Asabas, whom we saw swarming in the bush, by firing the Gatling guns upon them, but the Commandant took the same line as the Asabas, and would not fire first. So nothing more was done, and the Asabas lay down in the bush, waiting for our side to attack. The Judge and I went on board a steamer which arrived with Mr. Seago and a Whitworth gun, and we sailed for Onitsha, but first went on to a factory at Abutshi lower down, and sent up three more white men to Asaba.

Next morning, the 10th, we were delighted to hear the big guns firing at Asaba, and so knew that the good work had begun. Early on the morning of Thursday, the 12th, we were glad to see a steamer come to take us back, and on arriving at Asaba we found that the military force had done nothing aggressive beyond firing the big guns, but that the civilians, Dr. Crosse, Mr. Seago, and Mr. Crutwell, had made repeated sorties with parties of Houssas, in which they were ably assisted by Mr. Taylor and his men, and that they had burnt several houses, including that of the Chief at which the second funeral took place. A consultation was immediately held at which the Commandant was present, and it was resolved that a strong force should go out that afternoon and make an attack. This was carried out without meeting any great resistance. Among the houses fired was that where the first funeral and sacrifice took place. One of our men, a Fanti, was shot dead, and another, a Houssa, severely wounded.

This attack evidently had a very demoralizing effect on the enemy, who did not trouble us much that night and made no appearance next day, which was used by our men for clearing the bush round the compounds, thereby adding greatly to the security of our position. During the day a red-cap Chief came in to ask for peace, promising there should be no more killing of

slaves, but we refused to hear of peace until the murderers at the two funerals were given up, and we gave them until the Monday morning to decide. On the Monday, to our great relief the Agent-General, Mr. Flint, arrived with a most efficient officer of constabulary, Mr. Conolly, and some more men. We now knew that everything would be done promptly and effectually, and so it was. The enemy kept sending in to try and make terms and declared they could not get the murderers we required. Mr. Flint made all preparations for a general advance on the 18th. On the evening before, the enemy sent in a defiant message to say they would not give up the murderers, which was promptly responded to by some shells being fired from the barracks.

Next morning at five o'clock, the Judge and I were sent for safety on board a steamer, which commenced operations by firing twenty-four shells from a Whitworth gun in various directions. This was followed by a general advance upon the villages by the constabulary, accompanied by Mr. Flint, Dr. Crosse, Mr. Seago, and other officers of the Company who had hastened to Asaba when they heard of what was going on. These men made our house their head-quarters during the war, and a brave genial set they were, doing much to lessen both the dangers and the hardships of the time, and to them, and others like them, Great Britain owes her possession of the Niger territories. With them there was also Mr. Taylor and his men who had every day been out harassing the enemy. We were all agreed that as the Asabas had made war upon the Company for the express purpose of maintaining their right to put slaves to death whenever they chose, it would never do to falter or pause, and that the Asaba Chiefs must be made to give in. The people there, as in most parts of Africa, are kept in a miserable state of abject submission to the tyranny of despotic Chiefs and Juju men, and to put down the savage cruelties of this despotism, when necessary by force, delivers the people from them, as was the case in this little war. The Company's force advanced steadily through the villages which make up the town of Asaba, destroying the houses, and every Juju temple, shrine, and image they came across without meeting any serious resistance, as the Asaba warriors were evidently too frightened to make any show of fighting. I should mention however that on the previous Saturday the Chief of the village where the second funeral took place, named Obi Raffoo, submitted, and brought in the man who had caused the sacrifice of a slave. This village was therefore not touched.

After the return of the force a message was sent to the enemy to say that a similar attack would be made each day until the whole town was destroyed, unless they submitted. This they soon did, and on April 21st a party of red-cap Chiefs eagerly accepted a treaty with the Company, the first article of which was that there should be no more human sacrifices.

The results of this treaty were soon seen. A few days after peace had been made there was a gathering of the white men in our house to bid good-bye to Mr. Flint, the Agent-General, who was going home on leave, and to welcome Mr. Wallace, another veteran in the Company's service, who was to take his place. Before the party broke up Mr. Taylor informed us that two slaves had come in as a deputation from the slaves of Asaba who wished to thank the white men for what they had done for them. Mr. Taylor brought them in, one a young man who acted as spokesman, and the other a good deal older. They had none of the hideous white paint on their faces like their masters, and were much more pleasant to look upon and to listen to. Having prostrated themselves so that their foreheads touched the ground, which is the salutation of slaves, the spokesman said that at first the slaves could not believe that the war was made for them; that they had been kept like fowls and goats by their masters, who took them out when they pleased, to be killed, but that now they knew they would be protected and the slaves of Asaba sent them to thank us. I assured them that the war was made on their account, and that, if necessary, the white man would fight again for them, and that it would be their own fault if they submitted to these cruelties any more. The poor fellows immediately prostrated again, and on leaving the older man stretched out his arms as wide as they would go and said, "My heart feels as big as this."

Every one felt delighted at such a happy ending to the war which had freed the slaves from being used as human sacrifices, and did honour to the Company under whose flag it was fought. Among those present on the occasion was the Rev. Mr. Robinson, the Niger Secretary of the Church Missionary Society. This gentleman travels about the river in a steamer belonging to the society called the "Henry Venn," and by his energy and high character is doing much to improve the missions of that society on the river. At this gathering, in returning thanks for his health having been drunk, at his own request he included the Catholic missionaries, expressing his great regard for them, adding that on the Niger there was no room for the *odium theologicum*,

and that all might unite in raising the natives out of their savage state. It was a great pleasure to meet a gentleman of that kind out there, and to have him present when these poor slaves gave such good proof of what the war had done.

Shortly after this Mr. Macauley, the minister, came to tell me that seventeen slaves had been to service at his church and wished for instruction. Mr. Macauley kept very firm by us during the war and he had to take to the barracks for safety. On the following Sunday a great many more came to the mission and factory, including about one hundred and sixty male and female slaves belonging to the Chief named "Effuni" who was "wanted" for the murder of slaves at the first funeral. This man had fled for refuge to a neighbouring tribe, and sent for his slaves to follow him there. The slaves of the Asaba's are kept in little villages by themselves and do farm and other work for their masters, and used to be taken out for slaughter when required. Effuni's slaves declined to follow him, and came to the factory to inquire if it was really true that they would be protected. On finding it was so they resolved to establish their independence. On another day I met a deputation of about forty others at Mr. Macauley's mission who came to express their gratitude. In doing so they said they feared that when I left they would be killed as usual, but I assured them that my successor would act just as I had. They then told me that some of them having come to the mission, were put in irons for it by their master. On hearing this I sent for the Chief Obi Raffoo, who acted as negotiator between the Company and the Asabas, and told him to let it be known that though I did not wish for any more punishing, yet that if they used irons in this way, I would put them in irons. This had an immediate effect, and I heard of no more trouble on that score.

It was not only at Asaba that the blow was felt. It was soon known throughout the river, and although there are not yet many parts where the Company could act so promptly and effectually, yet it was a lesson which Chiefs and slave holders will not forget and one which doubtless the slaves will also keep in mind.

It also had the effect of a Catholic Mission being at once established at Asaba which is now doing good work, but the account of this I will leave for another number.

JAMES MARSHALL.

Father Damien.

In the year 1873 Father Damien, a young Belgian priest, devoted himself to missionary labours in the Leper Settlement of Molokai, one of the Sandwich Islands. After the lapse of ten years he took the malady, but continues to labour there still.

[Extracts from recent letters of Father Damien to friends interested in his mission among the lepers.]

"Pray recommend to all your spiritual children to pray for the conversion of great numbers of our unfortunate outcasts, for a great many of them are more afflicted with spiritual leprosy than physical. . . . The disease is now pretty well all over my body, but so far only externally. . . . Ainsi le sacrifice de ma santé que le bon Dieu a bien voulu accepter, en fructifiant un peu mon ministère parmi les lépreux, se trouve être, après tout, bien léger, et même agréable pour moi, osant dire un peu comme St. Paul, 'Mortuus sum et vita mea abscondita est cum Christo in Deo.'"

Such expressions, casually finding a place in a letter, preach the doctrines of the Incarnation and the Resurrection more powerfully than the most eloquent treatise.

I.

LIVES there not—still replaced as time goes by—
Some man who wears the wide earth's crown of woe,
Pain's Victim-Priest, a shadow cast below
By Him that Victim-Priest enthroned on high?¹
Mounts not that man-elect his Calvary
By Christ-like choice not doom? If this be so,
The world's blind prophets ill the graces know
Men reap from that perennial agony!
Damien! no name like thine exalts old story!
Dread Leper-Saint, pray well for me and mine,

¹ "Who now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ, in my flesh, for His Body which is the Church."
(Coloss. i. 24.)

Both here and harboured in the eternal glory ;
For this is sure—that living woes like thine
Are knit so closely with Christ's Death Divine,
They draw from it some power expiatory.

II.

Thy greatness is *our* vaunt ; vain-glorious thought
To thee finds access never : that is well !
The Spirits that whisper round thy midnight cell
Waft thee a dew of purer solace, fraught
With Eden's sweetness only—solace caught
From bowers where Love and Meekness blended dwell,
And whence not boasts, but songs thanksgiving swell,
Love-songs of martyr souls. This fight well fought
Thy death will crown ; thy greatness then be known :
Who then shall lead thee to thy paradise ?
Those saints who best true joy, true beauty see
When hid by mists of earth—Cecilia, she
Whose bridal wreath angels discerned alone,
And Agnes angel-veiled from fleshly eyes.

AUBREY DE VERE.

October 12, 1888.

Maria-Laach: past and present.

II.

IN the year 1863 the Cloister of Maria-Laach passed into very different hands. The German Province of the Society of Jesus had long been in search of a new home for its young scholastics. The increasing numbers of the Province made it a necessity that they should have better accommodation for those who were being trained for their future work. Hearing that Laach was for sale, they offered for it, through some friendly layman, a price moderate in itself, but nearly ten times as great as that which had been paid by its owner to the Prussian Government. The bargain concluded, they entered on their new possession in the spring of 1863. They prefixed to the previous name that of our Lady, instead of Laach, calling it Maria-Laach, in order thus to place it under the special protection of the Queen of Heaven.

The place was well fitted for a scholasticate. It was healthy, the existing buildings could contain a certain number and could easily be enlarged. The tranquillity and peace that prevailed there, far removed as it was from the busy haunts of men, made it especially suitable for those who lived a life of prayer and study. The Jesuit scholastics, who had formerly studied with great inconvenience and the most unfavourable surroundings at Aix-la-Chapelle and Paderborn, were all removed to Laach.

Their first task was to enlarge the existing buildings. A new wing was added for the library and the professors' rooms, and other improvements were made. The Chapel of St. Nicholas was restored and another little chapel fitted up to enable the country people round to hear Mass there. Very soon the number of the faithful who began to avail themselves of the privileges offered to them there became so large that a large passage had to be arranged to serve for a chapel and for hearing the confessions of the numerous visitors. Day by day the work of the good Fathers increased, and sorely did their hearts long after the noble church which stood empty and deserted, and from

which they were unfortunately excluded. For, when the Society of Jesus acquired the rest of the property, the church was still retained by the Prussian Government. Narrow-minded indeed and cruel was the exclusion of the good Fathers from the church which they would have used so well, but it was but the foreshadowing of the far worse cruelty and the far narrower policy soon to come.

Meanwhile, the crowds who frequented Laach, especially for Sundays and the greater feasts, continually increased. The confessionals were often found insufficient to accommodate all those who came, and the Fathers had to hear the confessions of men in their own rooms. Soon the clergy round began to invite them to preach and give missions in the parish churches. Some of the Fathers were also set apart for giving retreats and missions in the various parts of Germany, making Laach their head-quarters when they were not so employed.

Yet all this was not the primary work of the inhabitants of Maria-Laach. The house was a house of study. There were about one hundred and twenty students, some engaged in philosophy, others in theology. There was also a body of writers, many of whose names are famous throughout the Catholic world, and of whom we shall have a word to say presently. Modern science too was not overlooked. The museum still contains a very complete geological collection of specimens from the country round, especially of the various kinds of volcanic rocks found in the neighbourhood, besides wild animals, birds and butterflies, beetles and moths and snakes, collected by the untiring industry of the young Jesuits. Laach was a centre of true culture whence every year some twenty or thirty young priests went forth to carry true civilization, sound learning, and the fear of God to every corner of the world. For to the German Province belong missions in India, Paraguay, Ecuador, Chili, Brazil, and various parts of North America.

A short time before the Fathers settled in Laach, the well-known Syllabus had made no small stir throughout the world, and a number of the professors and others found here a good opportunity for exercising their literary powers. They set to work to explain and popularize the teaching of the Syllabus, and to show how it was no narrow and exaggerated attempt to restrict Christian liberty and popular rights, but an exposition of the only principles on which true liberty can be founded and the rights

of the people firmly established. Their success encouraged them to a more important task. When the Vatican Council began to issue its infallible decrees, the outcry of the enemies of the Church and the mistaken protests of some Catholics roused them to undertake its defence. They began to issue a periodical devoted to an explanation of the teaching of the Council and a refutation of the attacks made upon it. Their work was partly historical, giving an account of the proceedings of the Council and defending the legitimacy of its action, partly dogmatic and exegetical. It continued with increasing success until the Council was broken up. Their Review had now a firm footing, and it seemed foolish to let it drop. So it was continued and continues still as a regular Review and Magazine and grew into the well-known *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, which even the years of persecution never succeeded in silencing, and which flourishes now even in spite of being issued from Maria-Laach no longer.

In all these good works which grew up and flourished in Maria-Laach, there was, as is generally the case in similar undertakings, one master mind who directed them all. It was the present General of the Society of Jesus, the Very Rev. Antonius Maria Anderledy, who first conceived the idea of establishing on the Laacher See a house of studies. It was during his Provincialate that the old Benedictine convent and the adjoining territory was purchased. It was at his suggestion that the voices of Maria-Laach first sounded in defence of the Vatican Council. It was he who organized and developed them into their present permanent form. It was at his suggestion that the great work of the *Collectio Lacensis* was undertaken by Father Schneemann. If now he has the sorrow of seeing the house that he founded for the present empty and abandoned; if the little family that he gathered are now scattered over the face of the earth, yet he has the happiness of seeing the work that he inaugurated carried on still with unceasing vigour. For Laach was the cradle of that astonishing literary activity which has made the German Province of the Society celebrated throughout the world. It is to Laach, and the permanent influence it has exerted on its sons, that we owe the *Moral Theology* of Father Lehmkuhl, the philosophical works of Fathers Pesch and Meyer, the exposure of Freemasonry by Father Pachtler, the Catechisms and Manuals of Christian Doctrine of Father Wilmers, which are now trans-

lated into almost every civilized language, the *Cursus Scripturæ Sacræ* of Fathers Cornely, Hummelauer, Knabenbauer, &c., the Assyrian researches of Father Strassmaier, the literary essays and poems of Fathers Baumgartner, Kreiten, and Diel, besides many other works of sound learning and solid piety, which we will not weary our readers by enumerating any further.

Such was the work that was being done when the Franco-German War broke out. Maria-Laach was now to develop a new phase of its existence. As yet it had been a school of learning and of virtue. Now it was to be a school of heroes, ready to sacrifice themselves for their country and for the love of Christ. More than a third of its inmates were engaged during the war in nursing the sick, tending the wounded, and consoling the dying on the various battlefields. All of them volunteered for the task, and there was an eager rivalry as to who should be chosen. Through the long months of winter they joyfully endured all the hardships that their task involved. In the hospitals and by the side of the dying, in the midst of disease and pestilence they were untiring in their noble devotion. Several of them died of the contagious maladies caught from those by whose death-beds they watched, several more from the hardships they endured. Laach itself was turned into a Government hospital, and those who had not been thought strong enough for active service abroad served the sick at home. When the war was over many received the medal for distinguished service in the war and one was decorated with the Iron Cross. They had won the hearts, not of Catholics alone, but of hundreds of the Protestant officers and soldiers, and not a few came to visit their faithful friends and benefactors after their return to Laach.

After this, who could believe that their ungrateful country would return them evil for good, persecution and exile for their devoted service in its cause? Yet it was so. As ungrateful Jerusalem rejected its Divine Benefactor and heaped upon Him insult and outrage in return for His mercy and compassion and self-sacrificing love and countless miracles of mercy, so ungrateful Germany rejected those who bore the name of Jesus and belonged to the Society of Jesus. "If they persecuted Me," our Lord says, "they will also persecute you." So what could the sons of St. Ignatius expect but to have poured on their heads all the malice of Satan, raging against the servants of Christ? If they lamented it for their country's sake in imitation of Him

who wept over the ill-fated city, yet for their own sake they rejoiced in that they were thought worthy to suffer for Him. It was a fresh jewel in their crown, a fresh mark of the love that their Master had for them. So when Liberalism or the pride of victory felt itself strong enough to put into execution the purpose it had long harboured, when it raised the cry: "Away with the Jesuits! they are dangerous to the State," uncomplainingly they went forth into exile, not without many a sigh of regret for their happy home in Laach, but nevertheless willingly and joyfully, looking for the home of eternal happiness, where they knew that this exile would earn an everlasting reward. One of them, in a little poem which breathed the spirit animating them all, summed up their hopes and wishes in the following lines:

So fare thee well, my Laach! Brothers, farewell!
 May you, may we, may Laach be Mary's care.
 She will recall us here again to dwell,
 For us a richer harvest will prepare.
 And when Thou com'st in victory's array,
 Hear, Mother dear, our prayers in heav'n above,
 Let Germany thy banners still display,
 Thy people stand still faithful to thy love,
 Let us in life and death, by Thy sweet grace
 Find in thy gentle heart a sheltering place!¹

So they went forth, some to the kindred shores of England, and some to hospitable and friendly Holland. Many of our readers know their house not far from Liverpool. Some perhaps remember it when first they arrived from Germany and had to endure all the hardships, not only of a strange country, but of a dwelling where there was not room enough to accommodate them. Refectory, chapel, dormitories, all were too narrow for the numbers they contained. Countless were the inconveniences and little miseries they had to endure, yet all was endured with uncomplaining patience, nay, with a cheerfulness and joy that made light of sufferings which

¹ So leb denn wohl, mein Laach, lebt wohl, ihr Brüder,
 Maria sei mit euch, mit uns, mit Laach.
 Sie führt als Mutter uns zur Heimath wieder,
 Für schön're Saat nur lässt das Feld sie brach.
 Und nahst du siegend einst, wie Frühlingswehen,
 Maria! eine, eine Bitte nur:
 Lass Deutschlands Volk um deine Banner stehen,
 Lass treu es bleiben seinem heil'gen Schwur,
 Lass Deinen Mutterarm uns und die deinen
 Im Leben und im Tode treu vereinen!

were none the less real because they were petty and apparently insignificant. As years went on they enlarged their borders, and now a comely church has been added, besides refectory, dormitories, lecture-room, &c. God has, moreover, blessed their labours. A parish of some 1,500 Catholics has sprung up, where at their first coming some 200 could be counted. To Ditton Hall the English Province owes many a learned Professor and devoted missionary. Liverpool, St. Helens, Manchester, Bedford Leigh, and many other towns throughout England, can tell of the indefatigable labours of exiled Germans who have worked for English Catholics with the same zeal that they formerly showed for the dear Fatherland.

The Catholic Duchy of Limburg, Holland, has also three houses where the persecuted Jesuits have found refuge. There, too, they give their ready services to the faithful around. The noviceship of the German Province is at Blijenbeck, while at Wijnandsrade the classical studies find their home, and at Exaeten, near to Roermond, are those who are pursuing their course of philosophy. The last of these houses has also a very important appendage in the little knot of writers who publish still from their place of exile the "Voices" that of old proceeded from Maria-Laach. To an old château they have added a new wing, and there have brought together a part of their old library, pursuing their pious and learned task as indefatigably now as when their monthly Review was actually, as well as virtually, *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*. But we are not exact in speaking of it as a *monthly* Review. The paternal Government of Prussia requires that every *monthly* periodical circulated in the German Empire should receive official sanction, while quarterly or yearly periodicals, or any appearing less frequently than every month, are not subject to the same conditions. Such sanction it was manifest that a Jesuit publication would not have. Whereupon note, O reader, the Jesuit cunning. The *Stimmen* now fails to appear in two months of every year, and thus avoids the regulation that would have been fatal to it.

Persecution in modern days does not impose on the persecuted the conditions of outward cruelty in which the persecutors of the olden times delighted. The exiled Jesuits have now solid and substantial houses in all the places where they have taken refuge. They have got over many of the inconveniences that exile at first involved. A large proportion of the older ones now speak fluently the language of the country where they

dwell. Many of them speak it with great perfection. They have also with contented and happy resignation learned to accommodate themselves to their new homes, and have planted gardens which provide them with many of the fruits and vegetables to which they were accustomed, and they thus live in German fashion, though in England or in Holland. Yet they still have sufferings not a few to bear. In Holland the cold north wind sweeps with its uninterrupted blasts from the frozen plains of Russia, and the climate sorely tries those who have been used to the genial warmth of Laach. The country too is flat and uninteresting, and the contrast to the varied beauties of their former home must be a painful one indeed. In England their house is exposed to mephitic vapours from chemical works and other manufactures which are scattered thick around the murky town of Widnes. About their house gathers continually an increasing crowd of streets and factories, robbing their little domain of what remained to them of open sky and country air. These indeed may be regarded as trifles, and whether trifles or not, they are endured with patience and with joy by those who have the happy consciousness that they are suffering shame for Christ's sake. Yet how can their hearts fail to long, from time to time, after their home at Laach? The deep blue lake and the clear air, the wooded hills around, and the shady walks, the gardens, the island on the lake, the country house, whither on holidays they row across the water singing songs in our Lady's honour, and where they passed so many hours of innocent recreation—all these are but memories now, and memories of near twenty years ago to the former dwellers at Laach. From time to time perhaps one or another revisits it, by the kind indulgence of the paternal Government, but it is with mingled joy and sorrow that he beholds once again the place endeared to him by his former sojourn there.

For what is the present condition of the Convent of Maria-Laach? Sad indeed to all who witness it, saddest of all to those who knew it when it was the busy home of true culture and of the science of the Saints. Now it is almost deserted: the galleries, which once resounded with the busy feet passing to and fro, echo now in mournful silence; the corridors, where once in their recreation-time the students walked to and fro in cheerful company, are now still as the grave; the summer-house on the little island a short distance away, is now falling to pieces; the statue which the pious hands of her own children, the

Lacenses ex Societate Jesu, the Jesuit sons of Laach, had erected to their dear Mother, invites in vain with outspread hands the visitors who once loved to honour her; the garden walks are overgrown, the lecture-rooms deserted, the dormitories untenanted, the refectory almost empty; the chapel is denuded of nearly all its altars, the library devoid of all save a few straggling volumes, enough to accentuate the empty shelves around. Bismarck and the Kulturkampf, the struggle of modern barbarism against true culture, have robbed this home of learning of men whose only crime it was that they taught the science that can alone save Germany from social and moral corruption, from ignorance and degradation, and that they made it the one object of their lives to serve their country with self-sacrificing devotion. If we regard Attila as a barbarian because he and his soldiers, brought up in ignorance of what civilization meant, swept with destructive force over the Christian lands with fire and sword, in the days of Leo the Great, what shall we say of those who in the full light of the benefits wrought for mankind by Christianity, fight with less open violence but with a subtlety and cunning far more permanent in its work of destruction, against those who stand in the van of Christian civilization, and have shown themselves ready to lay down their lives for their country in ministering to its sons in the hospital and on the battlefield.

Yet Laach is not quite deserted. Count Schaesberg, into whose hands it passed when its former owners were expelled, leaves there a chaplain or two, with a staff of some twenty or thirty servants, who see that it does not fall altogether to rack and ruin. The farm is still kept up, and the land cultivated; the produce of gardens and of fields which once fed the Jesuit inmates, is now sold, and scattered over the earth.¹ Laach is now little more than an empty house, with a farm attached to it, the produce of which all goes into the market save the small quantity retained for the handful of residents who are still left.

But is there no prospect of the return of the once numerous and busy inmates? Are Jesuits to remain ever under the ban? Is there no chance of Germany soon receiving back these her exiled sons? There is no hope of it for many years to come,

¹ In the present autumn, some 150 cwt. of greengages were sent to the London market, sold on the spot for a quarter of what they were expected to fetch when purchased by some wholesale dealer in Covent Garden.

and many think it is now farther off than ever. Perhaps some of our readers may be interested to know what is the impression gained by a traveller who has had opportunity of gaining information from those who are best able to judge of the prospects of the Church in Germany at the present time.

In many respects the outlook is far brighter and more hopeful than it was some years ago. Bishops are no longer in exile or in prison, and parishes are not left destitute of priests. Episcopal seminaries are re-opened, and the rule is no longer enforced that all priests should pursue their studies at certain Universities approved by the Government. This rule, which was a most unjust and tyrannical one, not only threw the young ecclesiastics into very uncongenial atmosphere, but often made it necessary for the Catholic Professors to give a very insufficient course of theology, on account of many of the chairs being in the hands of Old Catholics. One Professor had to teach three or four different subjects, and the result was that the students were at a great disadvantage in Universities like Bonn and Munich. Catholic Universities like Innsbruck were not recognized by the State. Jesuits taught there, and that was enough. Now all this is changed, all such regulations are relaxed, and even those who have studied at Rome and elsewhere have been admitted to parishes.

Yet the concession has been bought at a dear price. The Holy Father tolerates the exertion of a veto by the Prussian Government on the appointment of parish priests. This has several serious disadvantages, though at the same time it was necessary to do something to meet the ever-increasing scarcity of priests, which would have been ruinous to the Catholic faith if it had gone much further. For some ten or fifteen years the German Catholics clung manfully to their faith, but sad experience teaches that, however good the parents, the children after a time will begin to fall away if their pastors are withdrawn. So the Holy Father, in his paternal care for his suffering flock, adopted the lesser of two evils, and consented that the Government should have a right of veto over parish priests. But an evil it certainly is, and no small evil. It is likely to give rise to a dangerous subserviency of the clergy to the Civil Power. Though the veto is rarely exercised, yet sometimes it excludes men of holiness, zeal, and energy, because they are not pleasing to the local officials. Any one known for his Ultramontane tendencies, or for his friendship with the dreaded

Jesuits, is set aside by the Government. This tends to crush out religious zeal, and men of prudence necessarily hesitate before they mar their career by too outspoken an advocacy of the cause of Rome. If it were a clear duty to do so, they would speak out plainly, but where an active man knows that by holding his tongue, he will soon have a larger sphere of usefulness, whereas if he expresses them in public, he will be condemned all his life long to some obscure village or some uninfluential post, he will think twice before he utters his mind. There will be a struggle between prudence and loyalty. In such cases poor human nature is prone to be a little biassed by self-interest, and hence there is an unfair strain on the perfect fidelity of the younger priests to their duty. They know that the man who curries favour with the Landrath is sure of promotion, but not the man who is a rigorous defender of Papal claims.

But what about the Religious? Our readers are perhaps aware that there are different laws for Prussia and for the rest of the Empire respecting the exile of religious orders. From all the Empire those who are banished are Jesuits and kindred Orders (*Jesuiten und verwandte Orden*). Among the kindred Orders of men are the Redemptorists and Lazarists, while among Orders of women the Sacred Heart has the honour of being regarded as specially akin to the Society of Jesus. It certainly is a little surprising to find the Redemptorists regarded as closely related to the Jesuits; one would have thought that the phase of religious life prominent in the Congregation of St. Alphonsus, however admirable in itself, was certainly very different from that which characterizes the Society of St. Ignatius; but the list was drawn up by some Protestant Professor who was probably very ignorant of the subject on which he had to lay down the law.

But while Jesuits and their supposed kindred in the spiritual order were banished, Dominicans, Franciscans, Benedictines, Augustinians, &c., were allowed to remain in all parts of the Empire save Prussia. In Prussia *all* the Orders were driven out, both men and women, the only exception in favour of the latter being those who devoted themselves to external work like the Sisters of Charity. Now the older Orders are being gradually re-admitted, though always with such restrictions and under so strait a supervision as to hamper very much their freedom in religious life. Nor is their return

allowed, if it seems likely to be strongly opposed by Protestants.

What accounts for this change? Has Bismarck been to Canossa? Certainly, as far as the Emperor ever went. It is true there was no external submission on Bismarck's part, as there was on Henry's; but he has submitted so far as this, that his action renders it manifest that he sees that he has made a mistake, and would act very differently if past events were to recur.

Yet this does not mean that he is ready to re-admit those whom he banished. There is a story that some one asked him why he did not abrogate the May laws and re-admit the Jesuits. He is said to have answered: "The rag is still too red for that" (*Der Lappen ist noch zu roth*), meaning that the very name of Jesuit still acts as a strong irritant to the religious fury of the Protestants of Germany.

But Bismarck is not immortal, and it cannot be very long before he goes to his reward. Will not this make a great change? It seems not, or at all events not for some time to come. The genius of Bismarck (for none can deny that he is a man of real genius) has set in motion a vast machine which will go on for many years after he who was its author has been gathered to his fathers. His subordinates will carry on the policy that their master inaugurated, and nothing save a radical change in the Reichstag would reverse the present condition of affairs. If the Liberals should gain the upper hand in the Reichstag and their leader come into power, then we might expect a different attitude of the Government to Catholics, but not else. If the Emperor Frederick had lived it might have been otherwise. In one of the first manifestoes of his brief reign he spoke strongly in favour of the freedom of the elections. One of his Ministers regarded it as a reflection on the Ministry, and resigned. If Frederick had lived, Bismarck would in all probability have followed the example of his colleague. But he knew that the Emperor's time would be short, and prudently waited for better things. The present Emperor is far more in accordance with his Minister than his august predecessor. Frederick was a man of peace. William is essentially a soldier. Frederick was imbued with English ideas of freedom. William is essentially Prussian. Frederick was a Liberal in the good sense of the word. William will pursue the narrow policy that has generally characterized the Hohenzollerns. William, it is said, is in almost every respect an exact reproduction of his grand-

father ; like him not over-gifted with brains ; like him a thorough soldier ; like him given to over much piety in his proclamations and despatches. As yet he has simply acted in accordance with Bismarck's directions, and it is not supposed that he has any wish to throw off his Minister's control.

It must be remembered, moreover, that the country generally is with Bismarck. His commanding personality has impressed itself on the German people. He is regarded, and rightly regarded, as having made the German Empire, and therefore as having deserved well of his country. He has certainly done his work well, if we look at it merely in the natural order. He has made mistakes, but so do all great men. He has been cruel and unjust, but that is because he is at the head of a country, of which a large majority are Protestants, and very bitter Protestants, whose representative and agent he has been in the measures by which he has oppressed the Catholics. Taxes are heavy, especially for a country so poor as Germany, but there is little or no destitution, and the people generally (in spite of the Social Democrats) are happy and contented. They consider that they get a return for their money in the halo of glory and power that Bismarck has thrown around Germany, and are satisfied to pay their share towards its pre-eminence in Europe.

If after Bismarck's death Catholics and Liberals were to combine against the Government party, and to obtain a majority in the Reichstag, there might indeed be a revolution in public opinion and in the administration of the Empire. But this is still in the womb of the future, and it is useless to speculate about the changes which might take place if it were ever to become a reality.

The next few years may bring with them great changes. We may see an upheaving of society throughout Europe, and not only rumours of wars, for of them we have had plenty, but wars fierce and bloody. But it seems more likely, as far as human eye can discern the future, that Germany will continue to pursue for many years to come her policy of peace. As long as the present administration holds its ground there is no prospect of a change in the attitude of the Government to the banished Jesuits. Other Orders have returned, and may return one after another. But the party who proclaimed the Society of Jesus *reichsgefährlich* are not likely to welcome back those whom we suppose they still regard as exercising a hostile influence over the interests of the German Empire.

The Theorist at Large.

WHEN the theatrical company commanded by Peter Quince took a hawthorn brake for their tiring-house, they put it to no unaccustomed use. Under its cover another band of performers, at least equal in merit, had, time out of mind, been wont to assume their liveries, before presenting themselves to the public eye. In the boughs above, or the brushwood and herbage below, the birds of the woodland had exchanged the callow deformity of nestlings for the elaborate costumes appropriated to the parts they were respectively to bear in the great drama of the seasons—the redbreast and the redpoll, the black-cap and the white-throat, the gold-crest and the fire-tail,

The ousel-cock so black of hue,
With orange tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill,
The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo grey,

and all the rest of the tuneful choir. Each of these has, not only his special character, but a special dress to distinguish it, and to apprise us what to expect when he enters upon the scene; just as Duke Theseus and his court were to know that a man with plaster about him was going to do the work of a wall, and that another with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn was to "disfigure or present" the person of Moonshine. The piece in which these actors perform has had the longest run on record, yet is it ever new and full of novel interest to those who care to watch it. When that most delightful of books, *Alice in Wonderland*, was put upon the stage, the juvenile audience, who thronged to see it, joyously recognized for old friends each of the actors as they came on: "There's the White Rabbit, the Duchess, the Dormouse," was their cry, and the peculiarity of their pleasure was in seeing that done which

before they had read about. In something of the same fashion we know the actors in Nature's serial story, and we know what they will do, yet always find it new in the doing. The blackbird will, throughout the season, at evening, sound the curfew of the words which the hedge-sparrow will echo with a modest accompaniment. The robin, though his voice be drowned in the richer harmonies of spring, will make his mark as a musician, singing sweetly in the falling of the year. The nightingale, "the liquid voice beloved of men, come flying over many a windy wave in days of budding April," will hold unchallenged supremacy amongst all choristers for about a month, and will then sink to the bottom of the scale, and be capable of nothing but an unmusical croak; while the diminutive chiff-chaff, with his poor little ditty of two notes, will be in the field a full month earlier, and will go unwearied on three or four months later. The white-throat will babble and jar by the sides of hedges, every now and then darting vociferous up and down in the air, like a singing sky-rocket. The sedge-warbler will chatter and prattle as he bounces about among the reeds and bushes of the water-side, and throw in mimicries of his feathered acquaintances. The goat-sucker will purr the summer nights through on the moorlands, while the corncrake complacently rehearses his interminable lay in the meadows, and the snipe drums circling in the sky above. The chaffinch will in winter be true to the ungallant habit that has gained him the specific name of bachelor,¹ cocks and hens consorting in separate flocks. The rooks will leave their nesting-trees between the autumnal and vernal equinox to roost in large companies elsewhere, though for a short period ere the winter thoroughly sets in, they will come back and occupy themselves for some days in doing nothing about their properties. The cuckoo will open his lay in April, and alter it in June, as the old rhyme promises, and will play his singular rôle up and down the woodlands and meadows, giving hedge-sparrows and pipits the charge of his offspring, which they will, as a matter of course, fatuously accept. The gold-crest will weave his pendent nest with the same superlative art as he has ever done. The bottle-tit will elaborate his poke-pudding of a structure, and contrive to bring his dozen or more of youngsters out of it with their long tails all unruffled. The willow-wren will build a domed nest on the ground, and

¹ *Fringilla caelebs*.

the jenny-wren a domed nest above it. The thrush will plaster the inside of his, while blackcaps will intrust eggs to so loose and light a structure as to make it seem inevitable that they will fall through, which, however, they will not. Swallows and wagtails will mob approaching hawks. Wild-ducks will be fascinated by the sight of a dog. All this and indefinitely more may be set down beforehand, and set down in the confident expectation of finding it performed. It is quite clear that the actors are cast for their various parts, and that somehow or other they have got those parts by heart, and have no notion of anything but duly going through them. And as it is clear that they do not improvise for themselves as the piece goes on, any more than they pick and choose, like Æsop's jackdaw, what plumes they are to wear, men naturally set themselves to ask who or what it is that pulls the strings to which these multitudinous figures move.

This question scientific writers of the present day, or rather, perhaps, writers on scientific subjects, undertake with effusion to answer; and some of them are never weary of telling us how exceedingly simple a thing an answer is, since what they call the "illuminating" doctrine of evolution has been given to the world. But concerning the said doctrine, it seems high time that a clear understanding should be arrived at, and that we should be plainly told what it really does for us, and what it does not.

"Evolution," taking the word to stand for a scientific doctrine, signifies the theory that different kinds of creatures have developed from the same original, and that they have severally passed through sundry and various modifications in the process; that, for instance, the birds of to-day are descended from birds of other habits, whether we take the word to mean dress or conduct, and these again from animals, not birds at all, but lizards and fishes, and before these again something on a par with sand-eels and slugs, and so on down to "primitive Protozoa." Be it so, as perhaps it may be; for evolution does undoubtedly go on in the history, not of species only, but of individuals. Any one of the birds we see, came into existence, not as a bird at all, but as an egg, in which were contained none of those parts, muscle, nerve, or feather, which we now behold. The change from a jelly-fish to an eagle would not be one whit more wonderful than that from the yolk of an eagle's egg. But what then? Evolution, at best, is but a fact; and

what we want is not a fact but a force, which ten thousand facts will not supply, but only demand the more as their explanation. The locomotives which race to Edinburgh, and the marine engines which drive the greyhounds of the Atlantic, are both, no doubt, developments of the primitive machine which James Watt was called in to repair, yet we should hardly give an adequate account of the history of the steam-engine by merely stating this to be the case. What we want to know, and what evolutionists claim to tell us, is the active agent working through all the modifications that have been made, and in the development which has been the result. In the steam-engine, the improving agent has been found in the brains of various men: in the modifications of organic life it has been according to evolutionists, the force of Natural Selection. This is undoubtedly the case; or else how are we to account for the position claimed for Mr. Darwin, as the Newton of organic science? Darwin did not originate the doctrine of evolution; Lamarck and others had championed it as stoutly as he. What he did, was to offer explanation of a means by which evolution might have been governed and effected; to present what seemed a workable hypothesis to explain the process; and to state certain arguments in its favour. In other words, he professed to find the force responsible for the facts, and this force was Natural Selection. This it was that brought him into such prominence, for in this department preceding evolutionists had obviously failed to satisfy the laws of probability; while his inexhaustible patience in research, and his ingenuity in linking conditions and consequences, enabled him to present a sketch of Nature's method of procedure, which, within certain limits, might well be correct. It is true that it was only within certain limits, and that at best those limits were not wide. On the origin of life, he could throw no light, while his very theory postulated a tendency in organic beings to reproduce their own likeness, with yet a certain tendency to variation, and variation in directions capable of advantageous development, and moreover of development towards a "higher" type. Given life, however, to start with, and such tendency to work upon, and it was hard to say, on first sight at any rate, that his system would not work; and it was speedily adopted as doing a great deal more. The limitations above indicated being tacitly ignored, it was speedily assumed that we had now, not as

hypothesis, but as undoubted truth, the whole philosophy of the world of life, and that evolution was at last proved because Natural Selection would explain it.

But what is the case now? Evolution continues to sail under Darwinian colours, and to trade upon the approval which Darwin's great work gained for it, while meanwhile the vital principle of that work may be said to be already dead; for the explanation so ingeniously offered has, by further inquiry, been discredited. The Natural Selection theory of the origin of things has lately been described, and so far as I am aware without contradiction, as being no less extinct than the dodo. An eminent man of science¹ has lately stigmatized the proposition that Natural Selection has originated species as "the most absurd of all absurd propositions." More than this, the case seems to be allowed to go by default against the theory through the silence of its friends. A few years back, when, on occasion of the twenty-first anniversary of the publication of Mr. Darwin's book, a celebration was held to commemorate the coming of age of Darwinism, it was remarked as significant that not a word was said about Natural Selection. It would, in fact, appear that this theory is considered as a mere scaffolding, useful in running up the building, which may be quietly removed when that is completed. But so far as Mr. Darwin's contribution to science is concerned, and, moreover, so far as scientific explanation of evolution is concerned, it is not a scaffolding but the central pillar upon which all the superstructure rests; and to talk of the system remaining unshaken aloft, though this has crumbled beneath, is like expecting the ball at the top of the Monument to hang suspended in the air, should the shaft subside into a heap of broken stones.

But there is another point with which at present I am more directly concerned. While the Natural Selection theory is subject to attacks which its champions do not care to meet, it is still by a host of writers presented to the public as if in undisputed possession of the field. Those who deal only with what is known as popular science, will probably be surprised to hear any doubt cast on the sacred dogma or on those romantic histories which are constantly written to glorify its cult. While scientific men of the first rank, who do not care to repudiate Natural Selection, are content to let it discreetly alone, there are many of a lower grade who cannot bring themselves to discard the

¹ Mr. St. George Mivart, the *Tablet*, June 2, 1888.

weapon with which it seems to furnish them in their endeavour to demonstrate that the world is a clock which needs no winding, and that the potencies of matter are all sufficient to explain the phenomena of life. Writers of this stamp are always ready to tell us all about it : to point a moral and adorn a tale from any object they meet in nature ; the tale being the old one of development by Natural Selection, and the moral, that there is no Mind at work in the ordering of the world, and no controlling force except that Juggernaut-like engine the struggle for existence, ever securing that the fittest only should survive while the weakest go to the wall. It would be hard to find anything to match some of these writers for calm assumption and serene self-confidence, undertaking to unlock the secrets of nature, while in blank unconsciousness of the very existence of problems that stare them in the face. But even more than the mental attitude of individuals, a study of their productions illustrates the fatal facility with which fact and theory may be made to tally. It is with the common objects around us that such writers as Mr. Grant Allen—to take once more a conspicuous example—are wont to deal, and what I now propose is to observe in a few instances the method in which the work is done, and to ask a few questions as to the soundness of the result.

To come back to our birds, which I may seem in danger of forgetting. They, we are told, have acquired their present form, their plumage, and their habits, because these have partly helped to find their ancestors food, and partly to find them mates ; and because, by the principle of heredity, the qualities, which have helped one generation to survive, have been perpetuated and made habitual in their descendants. Shape of beak and claw, development of muscle and of nerve, have served the one purpose ; beauty of form and feather, sweetness of voice, and other æsthetic qualities, have served the other. But here at the first step a difficulty must needs crop up. Of what avail is external beauty of any sort, or rather how can such beauty be conceived as possible, unless there be somewhere a sense of beauty to recognize it ? Of what possible advantage can it be to a wren to develop a golden crest unless other wrens think the feature pretty, when they see it ? And whence came their taste in this regard, a taste that must have been antecedent to the first development, which would otherwise have been useless ? On this point we are not likely to obtain any very clear information, the nearest thing to it which I have succeeded in finding

being an assurance that tastes of this sort are due to the creature's "environment," and that, in particular, bright colours in the food on which a species lives, are apt to be as it were reflected, through its tastes, in its plumage. Without diving deeper into the philosophy of the subject, let us see how far facts bear out this theory, and how far it is like the lamp in Christabel—all made out of the maker's brain.

"It is probable," we read in an evolutionary work,¹ "that an æsthetic taste for pure and dazzling hues is almost confined to those creatures which like butterflies, humming-birds, and parrots, seek their livelihood amongst beautiful fruits or flowers." Such an assertion raises many questionings in a mind, whose mood is philosophic doubt. Do not bees frequent flowers as much as butterflies? and the sad-coloured humming-bird-hawk-moth as much as the humming-bird? Are the seeding heads of thistles and knap-weeds so very brilliant as to account for the plumage of the gold-finch? Is not the most lustrous of our British birds, without question, the king-fisher, whose diet of minnows and loaches is as unlike as possible to that assigned to the tropical birds, whom he so closely approaches? The gold-crest, living in dull-coloured fir-trees, and feeding on insects, is robed in green and orange, while the creeper amid the same trees and hunting the same quarry, wears the soberest of sober garbs; the woodpeckers live much like the creeper, but dress in the fashion of parrots, while the grebes, which skulk among reeds and spend much of their life beneath the water, have a strange tendency for brilliant decorations, orange-red horns, chestnut crests, rose-tinted beaks, and green feet.

It would also be a not uninteresting subject of inquiry whether the colours displayed by fruit and flower in tropical forests, be really so pre-eminently brilliant as to account for the hues of the birds and butterflies whose lot is cast amongst them. Mr. Wallace, who so thoroughly explored the Malay Archipelago with its "gorgeous fruits and flowers,"² tells a different story. "The reader familiar with tropical nature only through the medium of books and botanical gardens, will picture to himself many other natural beauties. He will think that I have unaccountably forgotten to mention the brilliant flowers, in masses of crimson, gold, or azure. But what is the reality? Not one single spot of bright colour could be seen, not one single tree or

¹ Grant Allen, *The Evolutionist at Large*, p. 195.

² *Evolutionist at Large*, p. 191.

bush or creeper bore a flower sufficiently conspicuous to form an object in the landscape: there was no brilliancy of colour, none of those bright flowers and gorgeous masses of blossom so generally considered to be everywhere present in the tropics. I have given an accurate sketch of a luxuriant tropical scene, as noted down on the spot, and its general characteristics as regards colour have been so often repeated, both in South America and over many thousand miles in the Eastern tropics, that I am driven to conclude that it represents the general aspect of nature in the equatorial (that is, the most tropical) parts of the tropical regions."¹

Mr. Wallace goes on to ask and answer a significant question. "How is it, then, that the descriptions of travellers generally give a very different idea? and where, it may be asked, are the glorious flowers that we know do exist in the tropics? These questions can be easily answered. The fine tropical flowering plants cultivated in our hot-houses have been culled from the most varied regions, and therefore give a most erroneous idea of their abundance in any one region. Many of them are very rare, others extremely local, while a considerable number of them inhabit the arid regions of Africa and India, in which tropical vegetation does not exhibit itself in its usual luxuriance. It has been the custom of travellers to describe and group together all the fine plants they have met with during a long journey, and thus produce the effect of a gay and flower-painted landscape. During twelve years spent amid the grandest tropical vegetation I have seen nothing comparable to the effect produced on our landscape by gorse, broom, heather, wild hyacinths, purple orchids, and buttercups."

The splendid fruits fare no better at Mr. Wallace's hands than the gorgeous flowers. "Many persons in Europe are under the impression that fruits of delicious flavour abound in the tropical forests, and they will no doubt be surprised to learn that the truly wild fruits of this grand and luxuriant archipelago are in almost every island inferior in abundance and quality to those of Britain. Wild strawberries and raspberries are found in some places, but they are such poor tasteless things, as to be hardly worth eating, and there is nothing to compare with our blackberries and whortleberries. The kanary-nut may be considered equal to a hazel-nut, but I have met with nothing else superior to our crabs, our haws, beech-nuts, wild plums and acorns; fruits

¹ *Malay Archipelago*, vol. i. p. 371.

which would be highly esteemed by the natives of these islands, and would form an important part of their sustenance. All the fine tropical fruits are as much cultivated productions as our apples, peaches and plums, and their wild prototypes, when found, are generally either tasteless or uneatable."¹

From all this, it would appear, that our safest method will be to stick to our own landscape, about which we know something, and not wander off into tropical forests in quest of data for our hypotheses; though, as we shall presently see, no object is so common and homely but that it may, in the interests of theory, be made the subject of a fairy tale. To pursue our researches, therefore, at home. After what Mr. Wallace has told us, we may, I think, conclude that in spite of the "bright orange and blue and crimson fruits in tropical forests"² nothing there can compare with a rowan³ tree in September, laden with masses of coral-red berries. Yet what has been made of this glorious opportunity for colour-education by the birds we find there—the blackbird, the ring ousel, and the missel thrush?⁴ Not one of them shows the smallest tendency towards "pure and dazzling hues." One is glossy black, another rusty black with a white gorget, the third speckled with various shades of buff and brown. Again, how is it that the various birds which devastate our cherries and currants should be of so dull hue compared with the crossbill who, living on fir seeds, goes bravely in red and green? What again but the exigencies of theory could tempt a writer to say that the key to the comparative dinginess of the blackcock is that he "does not feed upon brilliant food stuffs, but upon small bog berries, hard seeds, and young shoots of heather," while "our naturalized oriental pheasants still delight in feeding upon blackberries, sloes, haws, and the pretty fruit of the honeysuckle and the holly."⁵ Any one who has walked a moor must know that cranberries and cowberries are quite as beautiful as those of the honeysuckle or holly, while the whortleberry is a fair match for the blackberry, which by the way also grows on hills, to say nothing of haws and sloes; and these various mountain fruits are supplied to the grouse and blackcock in far greater abundance than any æsthetic food to the pheasant, which

¹ *Malay Archipelago*, vol. ii. c. xxv.

² *Vignettes from Nature*, p. 86.

³ Or Mountain Ash.

⁴ The flocks of these birds among the mountain-ashes have been unusually numerous this season.

⁵ *Evolutionist at Large*, pp. 191, 194.

as a matter of fact, as farmers will sadly bear witness, prefers to anything else the grain of a wheat-field.

Again we are told that wading birds have had their æsthetic tastes turned into a "sculpturesque" line,¹ and that they care for beauty of form, not for beauty of tint.

In support of this thesis, we are referred to "the herons, the cranes, the bitterns, the plovers, and the snipes," with their various devices of crest and gorget and wing plume. But, even within the limits of the list furnished us, the lapwing, a plover, is surely a good deal more remarkable for his colour, than for any exceptional grace of outline; while to go a little beyond it, the woodcock is in shape comparatively clumsy, and the flamingo is anything but an instance of quiet colouration.

Again, take the large family of the ducks. The habits and food of all are much the same, yet how extraordinary are the varieties of their colouring! The mallard's head is green, the pochard's chestnut, the teal's chestnut with a peculiar green patch, the sheldrake's is black, the gadwall's grey. The scoter wears a nearly uniform suit of sable, the harlequin is spotted and striped, in accordance with his name. One duck is long-tailed, another is pin-tailed, a third is tufted. Most have a green speculum on the wing, in some it is white, others have none at all. How construct an explanation to reconcile all these varieties with the fitness of things? Who standing on the Bass, and seeing the myriad flocks of gannets sailing above, around, and beneath, can imagine that the delicate shade of buff with which their heads are tinged is a consequence of their acquaintance with herrings and gurnets? The jackdaw lives a life much like that of rooks. How has his family and not theirs picked up a taste for a grey hood? The brilliant yellow-hammer, bright as a canary, is first cousin to the dingy bunting, and lives in the same cornfields. The pied wagtail differs little in its habits from those whose prevailing hue is yellow. The swallow has a red patch on the throat, and the house martin a white patch on the back, though both lead the same life, and hawk after the same flies—in fact, so endless are the vagaries of plumage, that it would seem as feasible an undertaking to construct a philosophy of Paris fashions by computation of the planets, as to find an explanation of those of birds merely from the circumstances of their life. No one will, of course, deny that the circumstances in which they live have

¹ *Vignettes from Nature*, p. 105.

something, or rather very much, to do with their style of dress. We should not, on any theory, expect those who breed in open fields to be so brilliantly coloured as to attract the attention of every marauding hawk or stoat. No doubt Natural Selection would come into play to stamp out any development of colour which in this way was objectionable and would thus affect colour *negatively*. The question is, whence comes the *positive* tendency towards colouration so abundantly manifested? To say that it is the result of "selective preference," on the part of other individuals, is to say nothing, till that preference be itself explained; for it needs explanation as much as the colour which it evokes. And what is true of colour is true of all other species of ornament.

In fact, in order to work their plan with any show of effectiveness, the writers of whom I speak have to beg the whole question. They are by way of demonstrating the truth of the Darwinian theory, and as a first step they assume its indisputable truth. This done, they proceed in a particular case to excogitate another theory as to how on Darwinian principles the organism could have come to its present form. This product of their fancy they set down as fact, and from this fact they invite us to confirm our faith in the great "illuminating" doctrine. That this is a fair account of the method of procedure no one will, I think, deny who has taken the trouble to sift the matter for himself; but to establish my assertion, I will take an example. What is true of colour in birds is true of it in flowers; the only difference being that the case of plants, the selective agency invoked is that of animals, benefiting those which please their eye, and thus aiding them in the struggle for existence. Sometimes it is insects which visit by preference a blossom of brighter hue, and so help to fertilize it: sometimes it is birds which, attracted by a conspicuous berry, help to disseminate its seeds. Amongst other plants with a conspicuous fruit is the arum or cuckoo-pint, known also as lords and ladies, a common and very noticeable growth along hedgerows in spring, which in autumn produces a bunch of brilliant red berries, like the rest of the plant deadly poison. The history of this plant's economy is cheerfully told by Mr. Grant Allen. "The robins and small rodents which eat the berries, attracted by their bright colour and pleasant taste, not only aid in dispersing them, but also die after swallowing them, and become huge manure heaps for the growth of the young plant." This gruesome little romance I have had occasion to

notice in a former paper,¹ wherein I ventured to propose two obvious questions: first whether this remarkable arrangement has ever been verified in fact; second how it comes, on principles of Natural Selection, that creatures so stupid, as the robins would thus appear to be, have managed to survive in the struggle for existence. The author since he first told the arum's story in his *Evolutionist at Large*² has somewhere been confronted by questions to the same effect which, in a later work, *Flowers and their pedigrees*, he notices.³

After recounting the murderous tale substantially as before, he proceeds thus to qualify his former categorical account. "I will not positively assert that it is for this reason the cuckoo-pint has acquired its poisonous juices; *but I cannot help seeing that if* any berry happened to show any tendency in such a direction, and so occasionally poisoned the creatures which eat it, it would thereby obtain an advantage in the struggle for existence, and would tend to increase the poisonous habit, so far as it continued to obtain any further advantage by so doing. . . . Poisonous berries are unquestionably useful to the plants which bear them. . . . It is impossible, in fact, that a plant should not benefit by having its berries poisonous, *and so* some plants *must necessarily*, in the infinite variability of nature, acquire the property of killing their friendly allies."

Here, then, *habemus confitentem reum*: the pathetic story Mr. Grant Allen has told us as to who killed Cock Robin, is exactly on a par with the veracious ballad of our childhood, neither more nor less:⁴ it is an evolution of Darwinian fancy, not a sober record of observed fact. Such are the feats which we are able to perform in the fields of science, who have the good luck to live "since the great principle of descent with modification has reduced the science of life from chaos to

¹ *Modern Peripatetics*. (THE MONTH, June, 1882).

² P. 86.

³ P. 263. The italics are mine.

⁴ This nursery-rhyme might be re-written in the scientific spirit for the benefit of children of the future: thus—

Who killed Cock Robin?
I, says the Arum,
My fruits ensnare him:
I killed Cock Robin.

Who saw him die?
I, says Darwinian:
It's my opinion,
I saw him die.

rational order ;" we who "can now answer *confidently* : Such and such a plant is what it is in virtue of such and such ancestral conditions, and it has been altered thus and thus by these and those variations in habit and environment."¹ Confidence there assuredly is, enough and to spare, in the story told us, but whether, all things considered, such confidence constitutes scientific merit, is quite another thing.

The answer elicited to the other question is no less wonderful, though in another way. "It has been asked why the birds have not on their side learnt that the arum is poisonous. The very question shows at once an ingrained inability to understand the working of Natural Selection. Every bird that eats arum-berries gets poisoned : but the other birds don't hold a coroner's inquest upon its body, or inquire into the cause of death. Naturally the same bird never eats the berries twice, and so experience has nothing more to do with the matter than in the famous illogicality about the skinning of eels."² No doubt this reply is in true philosophic vein ; and unquestionably "ingrained inability" is good. But, with all due deference to a passed-master of the craft, it may be asked whether he himself has in this instance quite understood the action of Natural Selection. The question is not, what the birds think, but, what nature does : not of a coroner's inquest, but of the survival of the fittest. Naturally the birds which gobble down poison for food will die, and as a necessary consequence will have no more children ; while those they have already had, if they imitate their parents, will perish like them, and bring their race to naught : or if they do not imitate their parents, will produce a new and circumspect generation, in face of which the malign vegetable will, like the Moor of Venice, find its occupation gone. To argue according to the model we have already seen : It is impossible, that a bird should not suffer by a habit of eating poison, and some birds must necessarily have been exterminated by their treacherous entertainers.

The plain fact is that the whole thing is too absurd for serious discussion, were it not that so large a number of readers would appear to take such histories for serious contributions to science. The writer with whom I have been engaged produces book after book and article after article, in a fashion which bears witness to his popularity : he is enthusiastically praised

¹ *Flowers and their Pedigrees*, p. 2.

² *Ibid.* p. 264.

by such men as Mr. Clodd,¹ and if report speaks truly, patronized by Mr. Herbert Spencer: he is chosen to write the sketch of Darwin in the English Worthies series, and there he proclaims, as he everywhere indicates, his championship of the crudest and baldest materialism, and his devotion to the creed of "evolution as a cosmical process, one and continuous from nebula to man, from star to soul, from atom to society."² In view of all this it becomes imperative to examine thoroughly the real claim of his works to the position they affect to fill.

But it is not only in this fatal facility of imagining, that such guides are apt to prove misleading: grant all their facts and the processes of what they call their reasoning are still more extravagant. To come back to the matter which has so long detained us. Suppose it be a fact that birds acquire their taste for bright colours by feeding on bright fruits: whence, then, did the fruits get their brightness? Strange to say from the same birds. So at least, most emphatically, does Mr. Grant Allen inform us: "These fruits were specially coloured to allure their eyes, just as the speedwells and primroses and buttercups are specially coloured to allure the eyes of bee or butterfly."³ "Birds have a quick eye for colour, especially for red and white; and *therefore* almost all edible berries have assumed one or other of these two hues."⁴ "For this end, just as so many flowers have bright-coloured petals to attract the eyes of insects, we *know* that fruits have bright-coloured pulpy coverings to attract the eyes of birds or mammals."⁵ Surely for a system that undertakes "to reduce the science of life from chaos to rational order" this is the most admired confusion that ever was. The birds acquire from bright fruits that taste, which they must have, to make the fruits bright; and wherever we shall conclude that beauty of hue first appeared, sense of such beauty must, on Darwinian principles, have preceded it. Everywhere in fact *apparent diræ facies*: the Absolute looms before us. Once grant that there are things beautiful, and we must come to a canon of beauty, which they did not make: just as from the acknowledgment of truth, as such, we must come to Truth that is eternal, and by talking of creatures

¹ "As Grant Allen shows in his delightful and exhaustive book on the colour sense," &c. &c. &c. (Clodd, *Story of Creation*, p. 90).]

² *English Worthies*. Darwin, p. 191.

³ *Vignettes from Nature*, p. 86.

⁴ *Evolutionist at Large*, p. 22.

⁵ *Flowers and their Pedigrees*, p. 263.

"higher" and "lower" in the scale, we implicitly confess to a type of perfection.

It is all very well, embarking with a light heart on an uncomprehended enterprise, to tell us that no conscious purpose has been at work to produce what we admire, but that man, recognizing in the work of Nature those elements of beauty with which he is familiar, in the handicraft of his own kind, proceeds to "read in" an intention, and to fancy that Nature, or whatever that word represents, had an artistic end in view. If man recognizes beauty when he sees it, no matter where, and if his recognition corresponds to a reality, then he has a sense, which, till it first met with a beautiful thing, could in no way be accounted for by circumstances. Just as the idea of colour must have been existent to evoke colouration, so the idea of beauty must be in the mind that picks out one object or one arrangement as more beautiful than another, and selects it for reproduction. It might seem therefore that judgment in this matter goes by default. On the one hand we have no experience of artistic work as the product of anything but artistic purpose. On the other hand, we find artistic work in Nature, vastly superior in merit to our own, and we find no possible motive to explain it in any blind mechanical machinery. Is it unreasonable to trace in it a purpose like in kind to that of which we are conscious in ourselves?

But this is not all. We have not to go far in the records of observation to find distinct evidence of an *immanent* purposive tendency, working in nature in definite directions. It is certainly not from what we see, that we learn to describe the tendency to variation in plants and animals as being merely centrifugal, like the expansion of a gas. On the contrary there are clear indications of a something in the organism itself guiding definitely in one direction. To illustrate this by examples. It has been said that the tribe of birds of paradise seem to have an innate tendency to vary in the direction of beauty, a tendency satisfied in such diverse modes as to preclude the notion that they have all been hit upon, within the limits of the same family, by blind accident. Now one set of feathers and now another are wonderfully developed and coloured. In the six-shafted bird it is those of the head that form its peculiar ornament, being lengthened into slender wires with a small oval web at their extremities: the great bird has a dense tuft of golden-orange plumes beneath the wings, two feet in length: the

red bird has the two middle tail feathers transformed into stiff black ribands twenty-two inches long, forming a graceful double curve: the magnificent bird has a mantle of straw yellow springing from the nape of the neck: the superb bird a bluish green shield in the breast and a larger shield of velvety black from the back of the head. These are but a few; but as birds of paradise frequent tropical forests I prefer to seek for traces of the same sort of thing among the denizens of our own woods. The nearest akin of these to the paradise group are the starlings and crow tribe, and amongst them we find a distant reflection of the brilliant metallic colours which their far off relatives affect, and a modest imitation of their variety of decorative device. The starling itself is one of the handsomest of our British birds, its dark plumage glossy with purple and green reflections: its rose-coloured cousin, the pastor, has the neck and throat violet-black, the wings and tail metallic greenish black, while the back and breast are tinted with the hue whence it takes its name. The crows, closely allied to the starlings, in spite of the deep mourning into which their best known representatives have permanently gone, exhibit the same tendency, in the lustrous reflections of their feathers; the magpie has developed a long tail iridescent with greenish bronze, and has glossed the dark portion of its remaining plumage with green and violet: while its next of kin the jay, discarding metallic lustres altogether, supplies their place by the elegant crest of the head, the delicate wine-brown of the nape and back, and the beautiful arrangement in black, white, and blue on the winglet and greater coverts.

Something of the same sort is to be seen amongst the woodpeckers. They again as a family have a taste for splendour, but it is a splendour quite distinct in kind from that of the *corvidæ*, and quite distinct in its developments among woodpeckers themselves. The green woodpecker, "the garnet-headed yaffin-gale," adorns his head and nape and the corners of the mouth with crimson. The great spotted woodpecker is chiefly black and white, but crimson on the nape and under tail-coverts: the lesser spotted woodpecker has a crimson crown; and the great black woodpecker, though otherwise sable as a crow, reveals the family taste in his blood-red cap. Another well marked family, with decided proclivities are the titmice, their plumage brightly painted according to a chromatic scheme of their own, eschewing gaudy hues. The great tit is in blue and yellow, with a black

cap and white cheeks, and a narrow black stomacher. The tom-tit, too well known to need description, with his cobalt coloured crown, and blue, green, and yellow tints of back, breast, and wing, shades off our British species into the ultramarine and azure tits of the continent. The cole tit on the other hand discards the blues and yellows altogether, but is artistic in his treatment of black and white. One tit develops a crest; another a pointed black moustache. To the grebes I have already alluded. The loon has a crest and ruff of dark brown and chestnut; the Sclavonian grebe has a bushy black ruff and two orange-red horns; the eared grebe has, above and behind each eye, a tuft of loose reddish chestnut feathers. Even the modest and retiring little dab-chick, Shakespeare's

Didapper peering through a wave,
Who, being looked on, dives as quickly in,

cannot forego the scrap of finery supplied by a lurid red tint about the throat. What has been already said about the duck tribe may serve in this connexion for them likewise. No one who has made personal acquaintance with the family of the chats and their kindred, stonechats, whinchats, wheatears, and redstarts, can fail to note the unity of decorative idea which they exhibit in their diversities; and the same may be said, in greater or less degree, of the wagtails, the linnets, and the doves, and still more markedly of the herons and cranes.

In face of all these examples, it seems hard to conceive that there is not an internal directive force guiding development, if development there be, along a predetermined line, and not leaving it to find its way fortuitously, like a butterfly in a hailstorm, between the blows of destructive forces.

It is likewise perhaps worthy of remark that although brilliancy of colour is as a rule most conspicuous in the breeding plumage, it sometimes manifests itself at a season when the selective preference of a mate cannot account for its genesis. The redpoll, for instance, in spring, has but a faint tinge of crimson on its forehead, which develops in richer tints as the season advances to the time of the great moult which follows; being thus at its best when the breeding season is done. A phenomenon of similar import is presented by the autumn song of the robin, which cannot be accounted for, like spring melodies, by the advantage which it gives the singer in securing a partner.

But this threatens to lead me to the question of manners and customs, another branch of my subject, of even wider and deeper interest, which I had intended to treat in this paper, but which, *spatiis exclusus iniquis*, I must leave for another. Meanwhile enough has, I think, been said to show that although, as Mr. Balfour has it,¹ "evolutionists also find themselves occasionally amongst the prophets, some of their theories are conceived in the spirit of prophecy, rather than in that of natural philosophy."

¹ Address to the Manchester Church Congress.

J. G.

On the footsteps of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez.

PART I.—SEGOVIA AND VALENCIA (1531—1571).

THIS side of the great range of mountains which divide Old from New Castille—rampart and boundary at once, for many years, of Christian and Moor—is the ancient city of Segovia. Well may it condemn the upstart capital, Madrid, for it is as much its superior in antiquity and history as it is in beauty of position and of surroundings. Great in peace and war, it had become greater still in commerce, till the rising of the *Comuneros*—to be freely translated, Communists—dealt a terrible blow to the well-being of the fair city, and levelled its old Cathedral to the ground. Still, however, as did the Cotswolds of England in old days, the Guadarrama mountains, with their wide upland pastures fresh even in summer heats, supplied by their great flocks of sheep, the fleeces which were changed into gold by the many looms of Segovia.

Until the other day, it was toilsome work reaching that city. Now the railway takes one, not very swiftly it is true, but without fatigue, over the range which divides the capital from its dethroned rival. The gradients are gradual enough, with now and then a tunnel; and we come upon a remembrance of bygone prosperity in a flock of sheep browsing on the long grass in the wide steppes between the grey and barren rocks, or in hollows of the mountains. This and a rare village are the only signs of life, until we come in sight of a large mansion on a slight eminence to our left, the country seat of some great man. The favourite royal palace of La Granja is not far off with its wide hunting-ranges. The rock and the heather and the swelling billows of a broken foreground are all else we see when the range is passed till we halt at the station for Segovia. There one takes his place in one of the file of long and oppressive omnibuses, and waits the pleasure of Castilian

officials, who show the national contempt for time. At last we are off through a broad rough street which widens out into an irregular place. Right and left are quaint old houses, whose picturesque porticos, supported on pillars of stone or of wood, speak of better days, when this, the Calle del Mercado, was a busy market-place, where men from distant countries came to purchase the far-famed Segovian broad-cloth. Behind rise up the fine forms of the Nava Cerrada, and of the Guadarrama ranges, closing in the narrowing street; while before us the rough way contracts again as it descends to the bridge over the stream Clamores. We pass, as we go down the incline, a church to our right. It has evidently been rebuilt in the first days of the classic revival, but here and there are memories of earlier architecture. But we shall come back to it again. Across the bridge and along the street, and a stately aqueduct, reared by some mighty Roman builder, whose name is yet to seek, rises high above us, and above the houses at its base. A modern façade, unfinished, hides the old Franciscan church, chapel to the quondam friary, now the Woolwich of Spain; and as we still descend, the triple archway rises higher above us into the blue sky. The lumbering omnibus, with its long team of mules, plunges through one of its spacious openings, and with many a lurch and many a thud climbs the steep hill that leads to the site of the Gate of St. John—now but a mere gap in the city walls, which are eight centuries old.

Leaving the clumsy monster to make its way as best it can through devious and narrow streets, we step down into an open space beneath the aqueduct which bears the Moorish name—a remembrance among many that Segovia was once an Arab city—of Azoquejo, the little square. To our right is the long face of the Artillery College. A street runs up before us; while to our left is a house to which a venerable tradition gives the name of the Casa del Beato Alonso.¹

A worthy veteran who was decorated by Pius the Ninth with the Order of Christ when serving in the Papal States against the Garibaldians of 1848, is now with his excellent wife

¹ There were but four persons, natives of Segovia, at the time of the first process, in 1618, examined as witnesses for his canonization, who had known St. Alphonsus personally. Of these the one who had known both our Saint and his parents deposed that he was born in the parish of Santa Coloma, to which parish the witness belonged; while he, as well as two of the others, declared that our Saint's house was near the Gate of St. John. These two data tally with the traditional house.

the possessor of this holy house. They bought it out of devotion to the Saint, and they have had to make more than one change to make it at all habitable.

In 1798, the house belonged to the Hospital de la Misericordia. It was then seized under a decree of Charles the Fourth of the 19th of September of that year, and was sold by the Crown to a Don Luis Bustillos on May 16, 1806. Possibly the house may have been the property of the Society of Jesus, and on their expulsion under Charles the Third it may have passed to the charitable work just mentioned. But this is a link of verification which is yet wanting.

The house is of two storeys. The basement, supported chiefly on stone pillars, and very dark, contains an ever-running stream from the aqueduct hard by, and which fills to overflow what may have been a Roman tomb or a Roman bath. The ground-floor probably served in our Saint's time for store-rooms and stables. The entrance, with its deeply-chamfered beam running across it, and its massive double door, is as old as the house. There was a back door in the garden that served for the work-people. The first storey, which of old was reached by a winding stair, is the dwelling portion of the house, and has two sets of rooms separated by one large apartment. Its two windows open out to the front, and it served probably as a salesroom for the firm of Rodriguez, the cloth manufacturer. The second storey consists of garrets and half-open sheds, which served for the weaving and preparing the cloth. Running along the whole of the principal front is an open *azotea* or, as Italians call it, a loggia, with a row of wooden piers on a half wall, supporting a roof, whose eaves project over the street. From within this, there is a remarkable view of the aqueduct, just where it makes a right angle round two sides of the open space in front. In this place no doubt the cloth was hung to dry after being dyed.

Dark and dismal as the upper rooms would look in the smoke-laden atmosphere of an English town, they are places of pleasant shade in sunny Segovia; and even the grated and forbidding openings which serve for windows, are frames for brilliant pictures of the majestic arches of the Imperial aqueduct, which fling their long shadows across the grass grown plaza, and stand out white against the deep calm blue of the sky. The whole house is built of timber and of bricks, flat like those of old Rome. Here, in the reign of the Emperor

Invictissimus,¹ Carlo Quinto, lived and worked, not the least of the many well-to-do cloth makers and cloth merchants of the busy and prosperous city, Diego Rodriguez. He was of worthy stock, undefiled by any admixture of Hebrew or Moslem blood, much honoured by his townfolk, friend of some of the nobility of Castille, and married to Mary Gomez de Alvarado, a lady of gentle birth. Here a numerous family were born to them, eleven children, whose children's children still live at Segovia. The names of two of the sons are held in honour. Dr. Diego Rodriguez, the eldest born, was a learned barrister, a pupil of the great legist Covarrubias, who was one of the Fathers of the Council of Trent, and afterwards Bishop of Segovia. Rodriguez studied under him at Salamanca, and afterwards settled in Seville. Diego was known to law-students in days gone by, by a work on Wills.²

The other was the humble lay-brother of the Society of Jesus, the second son and the third child, who died at Majorca, and whom God has glorified as St. Alphonsus Rodriguez.

One of the daughters, the eldest, married a certain Francisco Gallega, and they had a son who was candle-maker to the King. Another took for her husband a cloth merchant of Segovia. While a younger brother married and had two sons, both in the leather trade, and whose sons were living when the chronicler of Segovia, Colmenares, wrote his manuscript.³

Their parish church was Santa Coloma, close at hand, at the other side of the aqueduct, an extramural parish. Alas! time crushed down the building with its holy memories, and the new fabric stands an unsightly unfinished ruin on the old site.

To the house in the "Little Square," about 1541, came Blessed Peter Favre on apostolic work, and there he stopped while his work lasted. Then his kind host sent him for rest of soul and body to his country house with little Alonso to wait upon him, and *there*—would that we knew where—the venerable friend and first companion of St. Ignatius was drawn to love the boy and to spend his precious time on giving the child his first lessons of piety and heavenly learning. Alonso's earliest schooling was no doubt received from the good friars of St. Francisco hard by.

¹ See a list of his superlative titles behind his stall in the Cathedral of Barcelona.

² Antonio, *Biblioth. Hisp. Nova*, Madrid, 1783, says he died at Seville in 1584, and was buried in the Franciscan church of that city. A copy of his rare work is to be found in the British Museum.

³ Unpublished MS. in the Archives of the Cathedral of Segovia.

Time went on, and sad clouds of trouble gathered over the family home. The father died; Alonso had to be recalled after a short year of studies under the care of the holy Jesuit Villanueva at the great University of Alcalá, in order to help his widowed mother in keeping up the business, for the benefit of her large family. Diego, his eldest brother, remained behind to complete his studies. Later on, grown to manhood, Alonso takes a wife of gentle birth, Mary Xuarez, or Juarez, from the old-fashioned and walled Pedraza, on the upland Sierra. In the castle of this town, belonging to the great house of Velasco, the two sons of François 1^{er} were held as hostages in 1530. One motive of the marriage was the hope that a goodly dower would set straight the tottering affairs of the Rodriguez family. The newly-married couple moved to the adjoining parish of St. Juste, where two children, Gaspar Anthony and Alonso, were born in 1560 and 1563.

Gaspar d'Ochendo, the godfather of the elder boy, and from whom the child took his name, was one of the chief people of the city, and we find him, in the September of 1562, at the great festivities by which Isabel de Valois, the wife of Philip the Second, was welcomed at Segovia, taking a prominent part in the welcome to his Sovereign. He won the admiration of the whole Court by his prowess in the bull-ring, and those were days when gentlemen, and not professional bull-fighters, dared to play the exciting and perilous game. He killed his three bulls in one day; and on the following day in a bull-baiting in which those engaged wore magnificent attire, the colours probably of Valois, he again as picador killed his three with his lance, and won the admiration of his fellows. That evening he was one of the cavalcade of nobles who, with fresh horses and bearing waxen torches, escorted King Philip back to the lordly Alcazar, then in all its glory.¹

Francis Rodriguez, the godfather of the second child, was a merchant like his cousin Alphonsus, but rich and well-to-do. About the time of the birth of the two children the lawyer brother Diego seems to have come back for a short space, to help no doubt by his fortune and skill to redeem the business.² St. Juste is now no longer a parish church, but the font where

¹ *Historia de Segovia*, Diego de Colmenares, iii. 144.

² His name appears in conjunction with that of Alphonsus in 1561-3. Alphonsus was certainly living in the parish of St. Juste in 1560. Archivio della Provincia de Segovia.

Gaspar and Alonso were baptized, a large and clumsy bowl of yellow sandstone on a narrow base, is still there. The bell tower, square and Romanesque, rises above the little church which is itself on high ground, not far from the house where St. Alphonsus is said to have been born.

Later on it would seem that our Saint moved to the Calle del Mercado in the parish of St. Eulalia,¹ the patron martyr of Barcelona, and there, it appears, was born, and baptized in the church, his favourite child, a girl named Mary.² The church, as we saw in passing, is of the early Renaissance. The sanctuary is vaulted, and a dome rises in front of it. There is an old chapel of "Our Lady of the Light;" and in another chapel, beneath an ancient crucifix, a tombstone tells of a certain Don Alonso De Medina Rodriguez, Captain of a foot regiment in the service of their Spanish Majesties. A most interesting painting of our Saint hangs up in the church, the work of no ordinary hand, and evidently painted at the death-bed. The eyes are closed, the face set; behind, a bright bit of colour, perhaps a sketch of sunny Majorca.

From the "little square," past the site of St. John's Gate, underneath the city walls and the rocks which support them, runs a road of modern date, but which no doubt is only the new edition of what in rougher form was there before. It leads past the picturesque Gothic Church of Santa Cruz—formerly of the Dominicans—in rich golden coloured stone, one of the many splendid works of Ferdinand and Isabella, whose quaint motto and quainter badges occur again and again sculptured in high relief on the exterior. Lower down the valley, entered by a gate behind the altar end of Santa Cruz, a steep incline leads to a door richly sculptured—with St. Dominic, his faithful dogs worrying the wolves—through which you pass into a lofty vaulted chapel. The ribs of the roof spring from rich bosses bearing alternately emblems of St. Dominic and of Ferdinand and Isabella. Passing unheeded the big and bad altar of the Crucifix, you go on through a small arch into a low chapel. Its walls are lined with brilliant tiles; the curved roof is of wood richly carved and gilt. Over the

¹ Nonell, *Vida del S. Alonso*. Barcelona, 1888, p. 42.

² An entry in the "Libro de Bautizados y Confirmados—S. Eulalia, desde l'anno 1554 hasta 1575, 1^o, fol. 48, is not quite convincing, but has great intrinsic signs of referring to the child of St. Alphonsus.

altar in a recess, beneath natural rock, is a realistic statue, wonderful as the wooden statuary of Spain so often is, of the Apostle of the Rosary scourging his bared shoulders, as he kneels at the foot of a cross. In an arch at the right, another typical Spanish statue of the Saint stands, dressed in a real woollen habit of his Order. This dark chapel is a holy place, the cave of prayer and penance of St. Dominic, when, in 1218, he came to preach to the people of the town, and where he founded the Convent of Holy Cross. There no doubt came to pray our Saint and his holy family, as in later years did St. Teresa.¹ Further down runs the merry stream Eresma, making the heart glad with the music, so rare in arid Spain, of fresh and leaping waters. Above it, on the opposite side of the deep valley to the right, rises the church and monastery of the Jeronymite monks, El Parral, this latter still so beautiful in its desolation, and once famous for its gardens, "The Gardens of Parral, a Paradise terrestrial." The walk is beautiful, deep down in the narrow valley under the shade of trees beside the green banks of the stream, or upon the rocky heights amidst the cornfields, with the hoary walls of Segovia before you across the abyss, and the great Cathedral and its rival the Royal Palace, the restored Moorish Alcazar, and the many graceful bell towers standing up sharp against the clearest of soft blue skies. Round the foot of the sheer precipice, on which soars the lofty fortress-palace, too fresh now from the restorer's hands, rushes forth the second stream the Clamores, which has dug a deep gulf round the other side of the steep rock upon which Segovia is seated. There it and the Eresma meet, and both together have wrought a broad gulley which trends round to the right, and then curves back at the foot of an abrupt precipice some little way further on. Beneath the rock is the sanctuary of Our Lady of Fuencisla, the favourite shrine of the Segovians, and where, tradition tells us, St. Alphonsus loved to go, and in whose confraternity both he and one of his brothers after him were enrolled. The church is very lofty, with a picturesque and bizarre dome; the statue of our Lady, saved from the iconoclastic fury of the Moors, is high above the Altar. You can climb up to it by a long stair and

¹ In 1574 that wonderful Saint was privileged to have in this holy cave a vision of our Lord and of St. Dominic. (Boll. vol. 35, Aug. 1, p. 472, n. 542.) Alas! that the children of St. Dominic no longer own this hallowed sanctuary. The County Hospital now occupies the conventual buildings.

come out, as is so often the case in Spain, close to the miraculous image.

Now-a-days a second shrine is hard by, nestling under the rocks, the convent of the Discalced Carmelites, and the church where now reposes the body of their great Saint, John of the Cross, the friend and brother in religion of St. Teresa, who died not far distant at Ubeda. The house was founded in 1586, after St. Alphonsus had left Segovia.

In 1559 the new Order of the Society of Jesus established a College in Segovia. The site is a fine one, just within the city walls, near one of the gates on the southern side of the city, and, like all that is within the walls, at a considerable elevation above the surrounding country. The church and adjoining house were built soon after the arrival of the Fathers, and are of so correct and severe classical a style, that they might be the work of Herrera, whose cold hand designed the Escorial and the unfinished Cathedral of Valladolid. A cloister, with paintings from the life of St. Ignatius, opens on the square in front; a lower storey is given by the slope in the ground. The church is lofty and spacious. A huge retablo of later date, which fills up the whole of the altar end with paintings of the Saints of the Society, is now blocked by statues from another church. In the north transept is now the Lady Chapel, facing to the east, and close by, against the north wall, is an altar erected to St. Alphonsus at the time of his beatification, for here began the new life of our Saint.

Stricken with many afflictions, by the death of his wife and children, and by the falling off of his business, he began to turn his whole thoughts to God. Here, or in the adjoining college, he made to one of the Fathers a General Confession with much care and many tears, and here began, by a wondrous vision on an Assumption day, those constant communications with Heaven, which were to last for the remainder of his long life. But so wondrous was this first revelation that he spoke of it to his confessor just before his happy death. So dazed was he with the glory of another world, that when he left the church, he could hardly find his way to his house. Here every week, a thing most unusual in those days, the widower approached Holy Communion, and found in It the strength to lead a life of austerity, incredible in these days of self-indulgence, and which made the house of the Plaza Azoquejo, to which he had returned on his wife's death, a very

place of holocaust and expiation. Death had carried off several of his brothers and sisters. The only two sisters remaining at home had vowed their lives to God, and with their mother lived in one portion of the house, which was now over-large for the reduced family, while Alphonsus with his only surviving boy lived apart in another room, which tradition still points out, separated from the other dwelling-rooms by the large apartment spoken of above.

The streets of the venerable city, the many churches within and without the walls, the stately Cathedral in all the freshness of its newness, all borrow interest from the holy merchant who trod them. But Segovia was not to be his resting-place. A strong desire to enter the Society had been baffled by the refusal of the local superiors to receive him. But sure that God had called him, he sold off his business and bade good-bye to his sisters—he had lost his sole remaining child and his good mother—and with but little in his purse went on his way to far-off Valencia, in search of his old friend and former confessor, Father Santander, then Rector of the new foundation in that rich and beautiful city—a journey of some three hundred miles.

It must have cost our Saint much to leave Segovia, a city dear to him on so many counts; to bid good-bye to the church of the Jesuit College, the scene of such great graces; and above all to part from his two holy sisters, who had been to him such aids and such an example in his life of penance and perfection. Juliana and Antonia had for many years, under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers, been spending their time in a round of prayer and austerities that would have fitted a convent of Colletines. His brothers and his other sisters were either dead, or married. St. Alphonsus, save a little money which he took to face the expenses of his long journey, left all, and it was not much, to his sisters. The two unmarried ones retired to a little house in the Plaza de los Espejos, the Place of the Looking-glasses, next door to a larger house which is now standing, and which has swallowed up in its additions its poor neighbour. There they lived for many years, working for the sacristy, and mending the linen of the Fathers, till failing sight and old age prevented their charitable labours. They died not long before their sainted brother, within a very short space one of the other, as had been their wish and prayer. They had long been known as Las Beatas, and were buried, with quite a public funeral, in coffins in the Lady Chapel,

which then was the nearest to the high altar, but at the Epistle side. No stone, however, marks their resting-place.¹

Did St. Alphonsus go by the road which runs alongside the railroad from Encina, by the lordly seat of the great Order of Montesa, a noble building before its ruin, and by the Castle of Játiva, the home of the Borjas, rising over a sea of green? Or did he go by shorter route by Cuenca, and by the home of the knights of Calatrava, their stately house of Ucles?² In either case, how refreshing the change from the parched uplands of Castille to the bright deep verdure of the rich garden of Valencia, teeming with luxurious growth of vine and corn and rice, of fig and olives and almonds, of palms, and of carob-trees, and fruit and vegetable of every kind. But rough no doubt was the road, a mere track for horse and mule, and not free from lurking bandit.

Valencia was then, 1570, much as it is now, the broad dry bed of the river girdling it round, the lofty bell-tower of the Cathedral rising over its narrow streets, crowded with houses of nobles and of rich merchants, with their handsome courtyards and staircases, and churches on every side, the graceful Exchange with its twisted columns, and the Courts of Justice with the various representative bodies, clerical, lay, and military, of the days of Philip the Second, looking out from the pictured walls, stately dons, and reverend bishops and abbots, and grand masters, and burghers of the prosperous province.

We may be sure that St. Alphonsus' first visit was to the new College of the Society, the Colegio de San Pablo, which was already so far built, that in the May of 1568 the Fathers of the Provincial Congregation met within its walls. St. Ignatius had been to Valencia in 1536, and had met there one of his old friends of the University of Paris, a Carthusian, and in 1543 he sent Father Aroaz to found a house in the city. In 1552, a portion of the Church was begun. Two saints were intimate friends of the Fathers, St. Lewis Bertrand, who always sought advice from the venerable Father Domenech, a Valencian like himself, and St. Thomas de Villanova, the Archbishop, at whose request St. Ignatius sent Father Miron in 1556 as Rector, under

¹ An unmarried woman, whose life was dedicated to God, was called una Beata. A diligent but fruitless search was made for any monument of them on the 11th of August of this year.

² Now the house of studies of the expelled Fathers of the Society of Jesus of the province of Toulouse.

whom the novitiate for the newly-erected Province of Aragon was established in the temporary houses.

Eight years later, in 1564, Father Ybañez, the then Rector, who was a clever architect, as his work shows, began the new college. He was efficiently aided by John de Baños, a lay-brother, and a skilled builder. "It has double suites of rooms at one side and the other of the corridor. It runs from north to south, though somewhat inclining to the west. The east front looks out on a beautiful view. Before it is a very large and handsome garden enclosed by the College, full of lemon-trees, and trees of many sorts. On the ground floor are the ordinary offices, the kitchen, the refectory, the cellars, and store-rooms. The refectory is the largest in the Province, two grated windows on the garden side receive the morning light and the fresh air from the sea; and from thence you perceive the bright green of the garden; jessamine trails on the window bars. On the same floor is the divinity class-room, and there is besides an *entresol* which served as an infirmary, and was afterwards a granary. The middle storey, or first floor, has twenty well planned rooms, of which half look out on the garden, and the passage is lit by a large window open from top to bottom towards the garden. In the top storey there are nine rooms which give upon a very spacious azotea; this runs right along the whole block, and from it there is a charming view of sea, mountains, and the 'garden,' (the rich and teeming plain) of Valencia."¹

Such is the very graphic description, and exceedingly accurate it is, given by the old chronicler of St. Pablo. Save that the railway station had invaded the quiet and greenery of the eastern-most part of the great garden, that the quadrangle of the College has been completed, a fine oblong patio, with doric capitals, and the various rooms above, and that the old city walls, which ran close along the south side of the building sheltering it from the broiling sun, have lately been pulled down, this portion of the College stands almost as it did when in 1570, Father Santander, then Rector, finished the refectory, kitchen, staircase, and azotea. In 1571, he added the divinity lecture-room. To this house then came St. Alphonsus in 1569, to seek advice from his old friend, the Father Rector, and by him he was advised to begin again his classical studies. Thanks also to Father Santander, he obtained a situation first with a wealthy merchant of the city, and then

¹ *Historia del Colegio de la C. de J. San Pablo de Valencia*, 1712, MS.

with a noble dame, the Marquesa de Villanova, to be in succession a sort of tutor and companion to their sons. And with their children, Alphonsus, then thirty-eight years old, began again to go to school. He was so badly off before he got these situations, that he used to receive alms from the Fathers of the College. One of them, Peter Juste, then a student of theology, afterwards our Saint's Provincial, marked him out among other poor students for his evident holiness and lowliness, and gave him a larger share than the rest ; while the Brother Porter, a good holy soul, not only aided him by alms, but gave him many a helpful word of pious advice.

At the north-west of the College quadrangle is the church which Father Domenech, to whom Valencia owed the foundation, had begun in 1552. He then built only the sanctuary and two bays, but no doubt it was enlarged before St. Alphonsus' arrival. Desolate enough now, for the College is a State Institute, and the church is hardly used. It preserves its early form, and consists of four bays, besides a spacious tribune or gallery, of two additional bays. The roof is low and vaulted, and there are two side altars.

To the Epistle side there is a large room which served evidently the double purpose of sacristy and congregation chapel. Everywhere are memorials of the Society and of its Saints. In the corridors above there are pictures good and bad of members of the Society ; and among them, one of the Saint who glorified this house.

There was a journey which Alphonsus made during his stay in that part of Spain which threatened to wreck for ever his chance of being received into the Society of Jesus. He had made acquaintance at the school with a student of his own age, and apparently full as he of love of prayer and of desire of perfection. When the intimacy had ripened into friendship, the stranger sang to our Saint the praises of solitude, and pressed him to come and lead a hermit's life near St. Mateo, an historic town, some sixty miles north of Valencia. The proposal was in many ways to the taste of Alphonsus, and he was half persuaded to accept it.

The schools were closed for the midsummer vacations, and the friend had gone to his favourite hermitage. Our Saint received a letter from him, inviting him to come and join him at least for a time, to taste the delights of this life of contemplation, unbroken by the external work that would await him

in the Society. Alphonsus could not refuse. The way, if long, was beautiful enough to tempt a traveller—through the glories of the luxuriant Huerta, with the broad expanse of the Mediterranean to your right, and the mountains to your left. Past Seguntum, whose heroic fame is preserved in Spanish, the Murvedro—for the old walls still stand erect upon the dizzy height,—past Castillon, where the Huerta too is past, and is succeeded by broken ground, but still richly cultivated and seamed by deep gullies and wide watercourses, dry in all but the times of storm and torrential rain. By Alcala de Chisbert, and then the railway traverses a plain shaded with wide-branched carob-trees with their bunches of bright pods, and fields of short grape-laden vines. Up in face of you is a hill, stern and sterile, and on its summit a Church of Nuestra Señora de los Angeles, with a house by it for the pilgrims. Here once was one out of six hermitages, which were in the neighbourhood of San Mateo. The town lies further up the valley, some few miles to the west. Two of the hermitages are destroyed; and it may well be that the old hermitage on this commanding site, with the magnificent view far over mountain, plain, and sea, was the one whose spiritual attractions added to its earthly charms, nearly lured St. Alphonsus from his vocation. “Tibi dabo”¹ is the significant name popularly given to a mountain near Barcelona, and the same might well be the name of this height. But grace prevailed, and Alphonsus returned, without bidding good-bye to the hermit, to seek counsel from Father Santander, and so was saved from the snare.

The chronicler tells us that the first night St. Alphonsus slept in the College, probably previous to his formal reception as a novice, he was put into a small room of the *entresol* which then looked on the street, and was therefore at the north-east corner, and not far off the church. When his shutters were closed for the night, there was a furious knocking from outside, for the window was not very far from the ground. Alphonsus opened them. There he saw his former friend with face distorted with rage, who roundly abused him because he had not fallen into the trap of putting on the dress of a hermit, and so blocking for himself for ever the way to entering the Society.

Within the walls of San Pablo, Alphonsus spent the first six months of his religious training. Father Miramon is our authority for this, and he was the friend, the confessor of our

¹ “All these will I give Thee, if falling down Thou wilt adore.” (St. Matt. iv. 9.)

Saint, had known him from childhood, and was the first to write his Life, yet unpublished, immediately after his decease. The Novitiate had in 1567 been removed from Valencia to the College at Gandia, and continued there till the August of 1570, when it was transferred, by the desire of St. Francis Borja, to Saragossa. Father Colin, the author of the best-known Life of our Saint, says that he passed the six months at Gandia. But as we are told that the Saint's novice-master was Father Raphael Riera,¹ while the novice-master then at Gandia was Father Francis Boldo, this is a strong negative argument in favour of the College of St. Paul having enjoyed the privilege of being the first religious home of St. Alphonsus.

To this College had come the future martyr, the Blessed Ignatius Azevedo, on his way back to Rome where he had received the charge of the perilous Mission of Brazil, in search of volunteers for the apostolate. Three he found at St. Paul's; two theologians and one lay-brother. One of the first failed in his high intent. The other two went forward, and won in a short space the crown of martyrdom. The lay-brother, John de Majorca, who was then sacristan, had been specially asked for by Blessed Ignatius, because a skilful painter; and when in Portugal before sailing he made several copies of the reproduction of the Madonna di San Luca, which Father Azevedo had received as such a special favour at Rome, and to which he clung to the last when flung by the Calvinists into the sea.

Other saints there were in the fair city by the sea during the stay of St. Alphonsus in Valencia. St. Lewis Bertrand,² who had just returned to his native city from his apostolate in South America, and was living in the Convent of St. Dominic, now the palace of the Captain-General. He had always been a great friend of the Fathers of the College of St. Paul, and it needs no stretch of the imagination to fancy that he met the humble and holy novice.

A saint, Blessed John de Ribera, was then Archbishop, worthy successor to the Father of the poor, St. Thomas of Villanueva, who was his immediate predecessor. Cardinal Rodrigo Borja had, with other of his relations, held the same high office, and it needed the saints like St. Thomas and the Blessed John to repair the ruin which scandals had wrought. The Blessed Ribera was like St. Thomas, a fast friend of the

¹ MS. *Vida del Santo*. Bibl. Burgund. Brussels, cited by the Bollandists.

² *Vide* Father Wilberforce's beautiful Life, p. 227.

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College. With them, there was the intimate of St. Lewis Bertrand, the holy and seraphic son of St. Francis, Blessed Nicholas Fator, whose ecstasies and ecstatic sermons were the wonder of Valencia.

So evident were the signs of St. Alphonsus' solid virtue, that when Father Matthias Borassá, a Mallorquin Father who had just taken his last solemn vows in the church of the Society at Valencia on the 7th of July, returned to Majorca with another Father of the same island, Bernard Crespín, who had also been professed at Valencia, though two years before, our Saint was sent with them to share in the work and the inconveniences of the new foundation of the Jesuit College at Palma, the capital of the island of Majorca.

As one sails into the broad bay of Palma, with the mountainous country on the north of the island to your left, and as the fair city gradually detaches itself from the low line of coast, and each building comes clearer and more clearly into sight, the vast mass of the lofty Cathedral close to the water edge first catches the eye. Around it, rising above the closely-set houses, are numberless church towers, and of tall chimneys not a few. To the right, but on considerably higher ground than the Cathedral, is a large church of the plainest exterior, with a bell tower of no great pretensions, which with a building attached to it, separates itself, by its elevation, from the houses and churches around it, and stands up prominently above them all. This is Montesíon, or, to give it its full title, the quondam Church and College of the Society of Jesus, dedicated, as was an ancient chapel whose place it has taken, to "Our Lady's Presentation in the Temple of Mount Sion." This was the home for forty-six years or so of our Saint, this his resting-place after death, and there is his wonder-working shrine. But of Majorca another time.

Married Clergy.

"THE first reform I should make in your Church would be to allow your priests to marry." Such is the frequently expressed opinion of Protestants at the present day, when discussing a discipline and faith which they condescend to admire, with a kind of mixture of pity and would-be patronage, but to which they have no intention of submitting themselves. The celibacy of the priesthood, they say, is the great bar to the present progress of the Catholic Church; a relic of mediæval times which a more enlightened century would be wise to abandon; an effort to maintain an asceticism against which the whole spirit of the age revolts. Occasionally such remarks are coloured by an apparent anxiety for the welfare of religion in general. What an additional impulse would be given to the faith, what an opening for the reunion of National Churches with the See of Rome, what an increase in the number of those seeking the priestly office would result from a few strokes of the pen by that authority, which would remove the prohibition that at present is an obstacle to the combination of sacerdotal and domestic life! A brief examination of such a theory is not uninteresting, viewed from the practical side of the question, without encroaching upon its discussion from the moral or ascetic point of view.

Of all the evidences which exist to prove the completeness of the wreck that was made at the so-called Reformation, the fragments of which are tossed hither and thither upon the swelling waters of indifference and unbelief which have rushed in at the breach made by those whose successors now vainly try to stem the tide, hardly any is more significant than the Thirty-Second Article in their Standard of Faith. Such a change in practice and discipline speaks most forcibly of the desire that existed to break from that continuity with Christendom which some modern teachers would have us believe remained unshaken in the turmoil that arose three centuries ago, and which culmi-

nated in the substitution of the Royal jurisdiction in place of the Papal. With more or less rapidity the decadence from one Catholic doctrine after another proved the effect on religion in general which was the inevitable result of the substitution of private judgment for authority, in matters claiming to form portion of a Divine Revelation of Truth. The faith that had stood the trials of fifteen centuries, required but a few brief decades to manifest in the pages of a nation's history the radical difference between an institution resting upon a merely human basis, and that of the stability of which the cause was external to any combination of circumstances planned by the wisdom of statesmen or constitutional rulers. But in external practice nothing can have presented a sharper contrast to what the nation had been accustomed to as almost an article of its Creed, than the possibility of marriage for the clergy. "*Bishops, Priests, and Deacons are not commanded by God's Law, either to vow the estate of single life or to abstain from marriage,*" is an assertion singularly significant as to how far those who framed it believed in the theory of the existence of a present Teacher, whose decisions were still to be considered as equivalent to decrees of Divine obligation. "*It is lawful for them, as for all other Christian men, to marry at their own discretion, as they shall judge the same to serve better to godliness,*" is therefore the complement of the first assertion, since the prohibition by what was hitherto considered equivalent to a Divine decree having been got rid of, the State, which had usurped the ecclesiastical prerogative of jurisdiction, felt itself free to make whatever changes it fancied, without troubling to investigate what results might accrue later from actions as arbitrary as they were sometimes shortsighted. And just as in matters of faith, authority was abolished to make room for private judgment, so also the will of the individual was substituted in place of the discipline of the corporate body.

The present phase in the history of the Establishment affords us opportunity of judging of some of the effects of this summary alteration of the traditional regulation which forbade the family and domestic life to those who had taken upon themselves the office of the priesthood. The modern attempt to revive the ideal of sacerdotal life among a section of the clergy of the Establishment, has served in some degree to bring out the force of the fact that no two more irreconcilable and incompatible states of life can well be pictured than those of a man who

endeavours equally and fairly to carry out both the duties of the headship of the family household, and those of the cure of souls. It is a significant fact how side by side with the permission of marriage among the clergy of the Church of England, we may note the steady decadence of all idea of priesthood, in the Catholic sense of the word. Fifty years ago the term "priest," as applied to the minister of the Establishment, was almost unknown : the "parson" had taken his place both in his habits of life, his position in the parish, and his estimation in the eyes of the people. Little different indeed did he appear from the squire of the place. The weekly service rendered twice on a Sunday, the two sermons written and delivered, comprised the main part of his duties ; and week by week the closed doors of the church manifested that for the most part spiritual offices had been compressed into the weekly dose of religious truth, which many an honest and earnest pastor considered the sole duty for which his conscience was responsible. True his house might stand open to the poor who needed advice or relief, true he was regarded as an almoner in necessity where he was known to be generous and kind-hearted. The sick could count upon the soup or wine from the Rectory-house, the thinly clad would not apply in vain for a blanket or cast-off clothes ; the old women welcomed their tea, or the old men their tobacco, from many a gentle-hearted high-born lady, or bright-eyed cheery daughter. Many a pleasant picture, lighted with the genial glow of charity and kindly affection, might be drawn of those old country villages that formed the poet's theme or took their place on the artist's canvas in old-fashioned England. The cheerful "Good morning," the kindly inquiry for health or children, the honest, manly advice as to an upright life, the tear of a true sympathy in homes touched by the angel of death, who would be so bold as to undervalue or despise these things ?

But *tempora mutantur* in the Establishment since half a century ago, as in many other ways in this land of England. And a mighty change has been at work within her walls, fiercely opposed at first by the national feeling, contrary to the traditional spirit of her pastors, and viewed with dislike at the present time by the majority of her episcopal rulers ; a change of which we cannot foretell the full effects in a not distant future. Into the old bottles new wine is being poured by those who seem to have no thought as to whether they can bear the

pressure ; upon the well-worn garment that clothed the Church of England for so long appear new patches, the brightness of which serves the more to show their incongruity. That party in the Establishment, the originators of which were the first to recognize the real end at which they aimed, is, we are told, spreading, until it permeates even our small country village. The old-fashioned pastor, they teach, is to give way to the priest, the friendly adviser must yield before the director of conscience ; the heartily-read service and village choir disappear before the ritual of the altar and surpliced attendants. The morning bell summons minister and people (if they come) to the daily service, and instead of the fishing-rod or pruning-knife, which were the ordinary weapons of the simple village pastor's life, appear the Book of Offices, the imitation of the Breviary. And side by side with this great change, in towns or scattered parishes, has sprung up a multitude of varied works that afford time for but little else to those who have adopted the new ideal of the English clergyman's life. Guilds, societies, meetings, instructions, crowd up his leisure moments ; each day has its apportioned task, its allotted visits, its efforts after the good of souls. Those who live in the midst of such revival, and are accustomed to such features of the Establishment, we can easily imagine, do not fully estimate the magnitude of that change in the midst of which they find themselves at the present day.

But how does this transformation affect the question under consideration, namely the propriety and compatibility of a married priesthood ? The fact that the metamorphosis of Anglicanism has not in reality made these new teachers to be priests, or built up the breach that separates their continuity with the Catholic Church and valid Orders, need not enter into discussion. The imitation of sacerdotalism is sufficiently minute in all its details, as practised by those who aim at presenting the ideal of the Catholic priesthood, to afford us no small opportunity of investigating such a question.

And primarily it is evident that the possibility or the reverse of marriage has its influence with the priesthood before their submitting themselves as candidates for Holy Orders, since it must affect the whole question of true *vocation*. The prospect of the celibate life as a matter of necessity and not merely of choice, and as differentiating the life of a priest from that of any other profession or calling, obviously must put an entirely

different colour on the inclinations and wishes of any aspirant to such an office, and tend to make him think more seriously as to whether the vocation is a true one, and not merely a temporary wish that may pass away. Nothing perhaps is so lamentable in Anglicanism as the entire absence of any attempt to find out whether a true vocation exists or not in those whom it invites to its ministry. And in consequence the question is one that enters but seldom into the thoughts of a large majority of the clergy of the Establishment, even of the learned and pious. "I wish to be a clergyman," represents too often the only realization of this most serious essential on the part of the recipient, and a certain very limited amount of book knowledge that of the Bishop who confers Anglican ordination. And this is but natural, viewed in the light of the history of Anglicanism. There need be so little change in the life from that of any other private individual; the same home comforts, varying only according to the means of each; the same social enjoyments, can still be retained side by side with his official duties. Even with the strictest, who views celibacy and the ascetic life as his ideal, there yet lies in the background the possibility of marriage; and those aspirations and views which are only checked by the law of his private judgment, are liable to sudden and complete reversal before forces formerly unknown to him, which are at the same time among the most powerful in human nature. But where vocation is viewed in the light of submission to a will and a discipline external to himself, where the life before him is differentiated from all other lives by conditions unique and unalterable, and where in short a regulation has to be obeyed which clearly marks him out as one separated for a special reason, and for ever, from his fellow-men, how infinitely more serious becomes his anxiety as to whether that true vocation exists, without which his life would be worse than useless in his ministry. At any rate the loss of the Catholic doctrine as to vocation synchronizes with the introduction of the possibility of marriage for the clergy of the Establishment, and with the consequent lax view as to their functions which has in general prevailed, and which the present High Church movement was designed to counteract.

And when the young priest has started on his career, the social difference between the life-long celibate and the possible suitor will immediately affect his entire position in his flock, and places him on an entirely different footing with a considerable propor-

tion of those with whom he has to deal. No bridge can be cast over that gulf which separates his position, and consequently no secondary considerations can interfere with his authoritative standpoint, the very character of which is continually and visibly expressed by his peculiar social distinction. Obviously his presence is welcome in domestic circles, where often, if it were otherwise, the chance of his proffering an unwelcome and ineligible suit would bar his way. And similarly his office is protected from any misunderstanding that might cast the least suspicion upon the singleness of his motives, while he himself escapes the liability of much misconstruction of his actions, as well as that kind of attention which unfortunately has given rise to much ill-concealed, if not ill-natured jesting in Anglican society. He comes and goes for purposes which cannot be mistaken, and his isolation from the ordinary possibilities of social intercourse gives him an ease which is as unique as it is desirable in the position he has assumed. He has no need for perpetual straining after the benefice or appointment, which can enable him as other men to carry out his wishes for a domestic life. The hunt after patrons, the effort to combine lucrative work with the duties of his parish, the long waiting to accomplish that wish which any matrimonial engagement naturally and properly prompts him to attain as soon as possible—all and any such disturbing factors are absent, and cannot distract him from his primary work. And there is absent too the ever increasing anxieties that generally result from the unforeseen changes and chances of domestic life. It is melancholy in the extreme to see the giants of temporal anxieties which so often hamper the work and press down the spirits of so many of the clergy of the Establishment. Sad is it to read the advertisements in daily papers for a gift or a loan, even of clothing, for one on whom the pressure of straightened means is heavy; the appeals for help to save from impending ruin, the weary efforts in that struggle to make both ends meet which almost daily meet our eyes. What do they not represent in the case of any married man? but still more what a picture do they conjure up of a mind trying to make the things spiritual of others a first care, while force of circumstances drives home to the weary brain the necessity of providing things temporal for personal necessities?

And even when the anxiety of pecuniary needs does not exist, how often a conflict rages as to the primary importance

of conflicting domestic and sacerdotal ties. The wife or child lies sick at home, and demands the attention of the head of the household. Ten, twenty, or thirty sick parishioners, many of whom are stretched upon the bed from which there is no rising again, call after him with voices half doubting if they must needs call in vain. He struggles perhaps with a vast population, and has to turn from the darkened chamber of his home which holds his heart and thoughts, to sit by the bed of anguish he must soothe, of repentance he must listen to, of agonizing fears he must quiet. The chilly hands of the dying cling to him, and broken accents bid him not go yet, and all the human nature within him yearns for the chamber he has left where his own sick one lies, while the voice of his Master seems to call him from house to house, lest perchance one single soul might miss the word which should turn the scale. In addition to this he has all the other various calls of duty, the services, the classes, his own offices, if he belongs to the new party in the Establishment: and he feels need of time spent alone in reading and thought, and yet he feels it a duty to give his fair share of time to domestic life and its responsibilities. Conflicting duties, conflicting calls upon his time, efforts to combine irreconcilable states of life, such make up the sum of his daily life; and time must at last decide which of the two will gain the final mastery, to the irreparable destruction of the other. The calm of the sacerdotal life is impossible, it can but be supplied for by the ease gained by giving up the unequal contest.

And yet more, another important factor has to be considered in the life of a married priest. No man, perhaps, is more in the hands of his partner in life to make or to mar: no wife is called to a more difficult position. Will the partner always be chosen in the light of this higher view? or will she always set before her the nobler aims that ought to be sought in associating herself with a life the first duties of which are of so serious a nature? There is much that unfortunately bears testimony to the exact opposite in the ordinary wedded lives of clergy upon whom no restrictions as to marriage are imposed. If it is necessary for a true priest to have a real vocation, so surely a kind of vocation must exist in the partner of his toils, if the alliance is to be beneficial to himself or his flock. That the issues of marriage are uncertain, and frequently different to what might have been anticipated, is not necessarily the remark that

falls from the lips of the cynic. And such uncertainties are another element brought into that life which of all others should as far as possible be removed from chance sources of influence. To be the soother of parochial jealousies, to be the helpmeet in the work while remaining hidden from prominent view, to be interested in everything while interfering in nothing—such characteristics will scarcely be manifested in every partner of the sacerdotal life. Too often there exists an utter and chilly indifference or even dislike to those matters which form the daily life of the clergyman, or else, on the other hand, a self-assertion that endeavours to take the reins of government entirely out of his hands. Ought a true ministry to be liable to changes such as these, as to the effects of which an observant experience can testify better than the pen of a writer?

There are two advantages which in general are supposed to accrue to a non-celibate priesthood, and which, viewing the matter solely from its practical side, we hear advanced in general in its favour. The first is that of the natural aptitude and fitness for certain details of parochial work, which seem to fall outside the proper sphere of a man's capacity to fulfil, and which, demanding a feminine supervision, could be best performed by the wives of the clergy. Doubtless it is true that the ministration of women among the poor is a necessity which cannot be overlooked; but this does not necessarily imply that the wives of the clergy would be the best fitted for the task, and this for two reasons. First that it is by no means the case that the poor in general prefer the attentions of the wife of their pastor to that of others less closely associated with him, who could equally fulfil all she can do. That not unnatural shrinking from any interference, however kindly and tactful, which is one of their characteristics, we can easily imagine to be considerably augmented when they suppose, however groundless the idea, that their domestic affairs may become the topic of discussion for a whole family, and be retailed in every detail to the pastor whom they regard as concerned chiefly with their spiritual condition. Infinitely preferable on this ground, and at the same time equally effective, are the ministrations of independent visitors, especially of those dedicated to the religious life. It is easy to imagine, in short, the disinclination of his flock to be the objects of semi-religious gossip or discussion at the parsonage or rectory. The general idea of their preference for this reason for a married ministry is opposed by experience

of their real wishes; and to those acquainted with their temperament from experience, and not merely in theory, this fact is probably well known. The second reason in opposition to the view of the fitness of the wife to be the go-between and assistant of the priest and his people, is apparent from the consideration of the true object of her existence and position. She does not come into the home to be a kind of curate to the husband, to be at the beck and call of those amongst whom he presumably spends his time, and to whom he devotes his thoughts; such a theory, too often exemplified to the destruction instead of the attainment of the true happiness of the domestic life, is based upon a total misconception of her true position. The priest, tired in body and mind with his habitual strain of work, would rather look to his home as the place of relaxation, where he might for awhile banish his cares and the thoughts that press down his spirits. He would come there leaving his parish behind, to find the brightness of domestic life, the refreshment of home comforts. And the true sphere of his partner's work is therefore himself and his home; and to the proper management of such duties of primary importance, all conflicting interests ought to be subservient. In a hard-worked parish, demanding hourly calls upon his time, too often indeed would the married priest feel that the duties of his position were carried on at the expense of neglect of the duties of his domestic life; too often he would feel that his offices, his visiting, his reading, his preparation for preaching, involved a loneliness for his partner, such as in no other profession would be precisely similar. If to this is added parochial ties on her part, which assumed an importance higher than that domestic oversight of his comfort which would be her true sphere of interest, the real object of domestic life would in general be defeated.

The second benefit conferred by a married priesthood frequently brought forward, is a supposed preference for the married clergy by those who seek purely spiritual guidance and advice. The analogy is drawn from the preference evinced for a married physician of the body, to the theory of similar choice as to the physician of the soul. How far this may be the case with those who merely look for spiritual conversation need not enter into the question. That it is diametrically the opposite of the truth as regards that closer knowledge and guidance offered by those who teach the doctrine of sacer-

dotal direction, involving the practice of confession, is an undeniable fact. The perhaps well-known story of a penitent who, having sought the absolution of a minister of the Establishment, was seized with a not uncommon fear as to the realization of the seal of confession as understood by Anglican clergy, and, writing to impress secrecy as to the confession made, received the reassuring reply, "Do not fear; your secret is perfectly safe with me, and her from whom of course I have no secrets"—affords an illustration in point. It cannot be doubted that any diffidence in seeking such ministrations, or any of that doubt of the absolute sacredness of the seal of silence as to which Anglicans can receive no definite instruction or training, would be enhanced rather than minimized by the relaxation of that present discipline which confines the Catholic priesthood to the celibate life.

Much might be added as to the further difficulties of the improvement supposed to result from the marriage of the clergy, as evidenced in the Establishment to-day. The Church of England seems year by year to be approaching a financial crisis which will set the matter in a practical light before candidates for its ministry, who possess no other means of livelihood. The recognition will be forced home to them that if those who serve the altar are entitled to live by the altar, and if it is an obligation for congregations to support their ministers, such a doctrine cannot be indefinitely extended to the uncertain expenses of domestic life. To appeal for the necessities of life when that life is devoted singly to the ministry of souls, is one thing; to have to include in that appeal the necessities of family expense, which might have otherwise been avoided, is quite another matter. Much might be said as to the increased chances of an unavoidable worldliness entering in to spoil the ideal of a sacerdotal life of single-hearted aims; the picture of that scramble to ascend the steps of the ladder of preferment, and that anxiety to exchange a cure of souls in order primarily to secure an increase of temporal goods, is not one that tends to enhance the authority of the clerical profession, or its respect in the eyes of the nation.

In conclusion, the whole question turns upon that of the two ideals so totally different, contained in the principles of the Reformation, and in those of the Catholic Church. The destruction of altars removed, and the marriage of clergy, were facts which went hand in hand. The natural result was the

domestic, unpriestly life of the Anglican clergy, as exhibited for the best part of three ensuing centuries. It is nothing derogatory to the domestic beauty and intense respectability of the earnest and kindly Anglican pastor's life, to say that in no sense was it either meant to be, nor actually was, the life of a priest. Catholic priesthood involves quite another ideal. Its celibacy drives home the necessity of its true vocation; it is not the refuge merely of the younger son of the family, for whom there is no other prospect; it cannot be taken up at the wish of the moment with unexamined eagerness. Its loneliness is the evidence of the necessity of its utter unselfishness; its absence of family ties secures the freedom for that undivided service which its constant duties involve. Its spirit is the exact opposite of that which drove out with the scourges of the Reformers, what has been rightly linked together by a modern writer, "*the Sacrifice of the Altar and the sacrifice of the celibate life*;" for it is across the altar slabs, sunk in the threshold of his dishonoured church, that the minister of the Establishment passes into his domestic household and home. So long as Anglicanism slumbered in old-fashioned security and enjoyment of possessions as to its acquirement, of which the fewer questions its people ask the better, it enjoyed a respectability of position which for awhile the nation possibly mistook for a true influence. But again, *tempora mutantur*. A mighty movement within itself has disturbed the sleep of three centuries, and its effects have yet to run their full and natural course. The attempt to import sacerdotalism into a system of which the very origin was based upon its denial, has yet to reveal its own hopelessness, and to end in that disintegration which must follow any effort to combine incompatible principles. But no greater incompatibility could probably exist than that which would result from the endeavour to combine the sacerdotal and domestic life; at least, that must be the opinion of any one who understands the sacerdotal life and its duties, an opinion which could only bow to the superior wisdom of that Legislator who alone can possess the power to relax that ancient discipline, hitherto adjudged most expedient for the welfare and effectiveness of the Catholic Church.

RÈNÉ F. R. CONDER.

The Legend of the Lily.

LONG ages past, when Cæsar reigned in Rome,
And Herod King, half Gentile and half Jew,
O'erruled God's chosen few in Palestine,
Nigh to Tiberias' lake, where rocks run high,
And where the road winds round so narrowly
Mid tangled thorns, high weeds and brambles wild,
A beauteous Lily tall and graceful grew
On slender silken stem, with buds and leaves
Alternating of emerald green, and petals all
Of snowy whiteness ; bright, so wondrous bright
Were they, that all who passed along that way
Stood still awhile, in mute amazement held,
Well marvelling at the sight, and then to thoughts
So piously conceived quaint utterance gave ;
Or in low whispered words surmises made,
Nor feared they to express them thus—that God,
Who framed the universe of old by His
One word, yet governing, yet sustaining all,
Who by fair Nature's hand e'er works His will,
Producing each in season, fruit and seed,
Bidding the sun to round and ripen them
For man's own use and special benefit,—
He surely His bright angel must have sent
To plant on earth that Lily flower so chaste,
For it were more than Nature lone could do,

Best effort made, in this unhallowed soil,
All thorned and thistled, cursed since Adam's fall.
Such Lilies rare were never seen before,
Or read or heard of in the Promised Land,
Not in the fertile fields or woodland's shade,
Or Terebinthian groves of ancient fame,
Or in the plains of Sharon where the rose
Of sweetest perfume grows, or on Mount Carmel,
Nor in the prim-kept gardens of the great,
Where rarest plants and choicest flowers flourish.

Then some, as if by inspiration led,
Made bold assertion, half-insisting said :
That flower was sent a special gift from God
For one All full of grace, high-privileged,
Some humble handmaid of the Lord, might be,
More blest than all the rest of womankind,
Bright mirroring in its snowy spotlessness
The spotless beauty of a stainless soul.
Nor would one gazing there so much as dare
Stretch forth a hand to touch the mystic flower,
Or meddle with the thorns rough guarding it,
Through very reverence or through wholesome fear.
For most did say : " It must be God's own flower." ^
Yet some there were of giddy girlish minds
Who would fain make that Lily flower their own.
Quick to entangle it or fast entwine
In tresses of their hair, as fitful taste
Or vanity combined would so devise,
And thus to their proud fancies decked, to play
Half wantonly the bride or bridesmaid's part
On some poor marriage feast or festal day.
Nor dared these tempt their hands or touch the flower,
Nor even nurse the naughty thought for long.

While other some, whose souls were seared with sin,
Who walked not righteously before the Lord,
Would scarce full gaze upon the flower, for fear
Of utter blindness, or of some worse thing,
And these confused, half contrite, home retired,
Nor ventured nigh the sacred spot again.

But one there stood, a little child of ten,
So winning in her way, of modest mien,
Yet sprightly in her girlish innocence,
Of slim and slender form, of features fair,
With golden locks e'er loose—with mantle white
Of finest lambs-wool wove, all simple-fashioned,
All girt with tasselled cords of azure blue,
So angel-like was that sweet child of God.

Full joy lights up that little face so fair
While bending o'er the lustrous Lily flower,
All gazing, as a child alone can gaze,
As if she counted once, and then again,
And then once more, to make surety more sure,
As children are so often wont to do,
Each pearly petal, each green leaf, each bud,
Each amber thread half hid within the flower.
Then spoke she to the Lily, as if it heard,
Or list her every word, and even knew
Her heart's desire, and loved her very presence :
" Oh ! how I long, bright, fragrant Lily flower,
To take and make thee all my very own.
Not for mine own self's sake I crave thee so,
Nor for my brother's tiny hands to pull
In pieces as his childlike way oft is,
Then scatter on the ground in playfulness.
Nor sooth, do I so covet thee, to lay

In tearful love upon my mother's grave,
Beneath the sombre shade of cypress trees,
There in the deep dark valley of the dead,
In mournful memory of her ; but I fain
Would make thee mine one moment's time—the next
To place thee at my maiden mistress' feet
In crystal cup or alabaster vase,
Beside the place where fervently she prays,
So lost in long sweet hours of ecstasy,
In earnest of my deep tho' childish love.
For in good truth I love her much, and fain
Would show my love by some such pretty proof.
And she in truth reciprocates my love
If words or works have ought of meaning now,
For each grey morn, before the eastern sun
Has spread its light upon the lake below,
Or tipped with golden ray the hills around,
Bidding them cast long shadows on its plain,
Before the dew-drops have been brushed away,
I know not whither, nor could ween ; before
The little birds their twittering song begin,
All joyously I come with pitcher full
Of living waters from the ancient well
For my own dear Lady's use in Nazareth,
And placing it on step or casement-sill,
I rest and wait awhile her gentle call
And her sweet bid and pleasure, e'er mine own.
Right soon she comes, with more than mother's smile
Soft greeting me, kind placing in my hands
White cakes of wheaten bread, all honey-spread,
To suit my childish taste, as she knows well,
Thus to requite my labour and my love.
New milk besides she brings, and then me bids
To rest awhile, taking my frugal fare.

And mindful of my little brother's wants
And boyish whims, when she doth see the child
There close to where my emptied pitcher stands.
Some purple grapes and ruddy pomegranates
On vine leaves spread she kindly lays, and nuts
And coloured cakes as pretty playthings sends.
At length she bids me go and tend his wants,
Or take him on the shore to play with shells,
Or build sand-castles quick to disappear
When waves come washing in and out again,
Preserving him from harm, from splash or spray,
When winds blow wild and fret the inland sea ;
Now teaching him at times to learn his prayers,
And know some simple truths about our God.
Besides this thoughtful care and mother's love
Bestowed on me (poor orphan girl) and mine
So oft, she tells me things of God above ;
His wondrous ways with man below, and how
In mercy one fine day Himself will come
In infant form, of Jewish maiden born,
On earth to dwell some thirty years and more,
New truths revealing and new lessons teaching us.
And then, as proof of great excess of love,
In agony will shed His Blood and die
Raised up on high upon a wooden cross
With thorny crown adorned, platted, bejewelled, too,
With rubies of His own most Precious Blood,
Thus to redeem mankind from Adam's sin,
And from the thralldom of the infernal one
Restoring man to his lost heritage.
And then in voice subdued, soft she would say,
As if some mystery to make manifest,
" My child, the time does now so quicken when
All things of old foretold shall come to pass,
And this fair prophecy shall be fulfilled—

'A virgin shall conceive and bear a son,
And His name shall be called Emmanuel.'"
Then gazing all in wondrous reverence
On her who spoke these things so rapture bound,
As if by special revelation taught,
My mind so strongly influenced I found
Ambitioning great privileges for her,
Far greater than in deep humility
She would a moment passing thought bestow.
Then thinking out my wishes one by one,
Less strange and less unlikely each did seem
The more I pondered o'er them. This I pray,
Oh! would that God so good, who sees the hearts
And reads the inmost thoughts of men, and knows
Where sanctity and hidden merit lies,
Would deign in His great goodness, e'en to choose
My maiden mistress, as His Mother blest,
And make her the glory of all Israel!
So undefiled, so spotless pure she seems
As if the universal blight or taint of sin
Had ne'er an instant touched her soul, or breathed
Contagion there a moment, for methinks
That soul did ever magnify the Lord,
And spirit did rejoice in God her Saviour.

And thus that little child went musing on,
Telling the Lily flower her every thought,
And each her heart's desire so guilelessly,
As if the flower could fondly acquiesce.

Ah! simple child, how little dreamt she then
That every fervent wish and wistful word
Would speedy find fulfilment, even then.
For so in very truth it came to pass,
What God long since had pre-ordained, for Mary,

Fond mistress of the little maid, became
True Virgin Mother of her Lord elect,
And that bright Lily of miraculous growth
Bereft of tangled thorns by angels' hands,
Chaste mystic emblem, at our Lady's feet
Stood there in beauty blooming for a while,
Scattering sweet heavenly fragrance all around.

For when God's own good time had come, that time
Promised long since, and Kings and Prophets, they
Who longed to see this day, had passed away,
And saw it not ; when Daniel's weeks foretold
To their allotted term were quickening fast,
Then Gabriel from the throne of God was sent
To bear glad tidings to the fallen race,
And happy message to a virgin blest
Who dwelt unknown in Nazareth, whence some
Were wont to say no good could ever come,
And bid her by the Holy Ghost conceive
And bear a Son in her virginity,
And He the Son of the Most High should be,
While generations all should call her Blessed.

And thus he winged his hasty flight from Heaven,
Quick passing o'er the lake and rocky shore,
Each rippling wave, soft silvered by the
Pale moon's refulgency, while stars on high
Looked, peering down quite curiously, as if
They surely knew the Angel of the Lord
Was there—mid-air, all-hovering, earth-bound
From Heaven—with best message ever sent
From God to man since Adam's dereliction.

'Twas then that angel clothed in human form,
As if by strange attraction drawn, did see,

Nay, felt the presence of the Lily flower
Nigh to the lake, mid thorns and brambles wild
Imprisoned, courting eagerly his gaze,
And as 'twould seem his princely interference,
Or freedom from the thorns surrounding it.
And as he lowered his flight and wondering stood,
The Lily, expectant and impatient
Of his touch, yielded, and forthwith became,
He knew not how, fair captive in his hand.
Flower and stem, sooth, all became his prize,
As if it were planted there for him to pluck,
And then in turn to place at Mary's feet
With love and loyalty—an Angel's gift,
In alabaster vase chance resting there,
Bright mystic emblem of her purity,
And earnest of his message from above.
And there that chaste white Lily flower stood
E'er fresh, unfading, and so redolent
Till nine full moons had coursed the wavy skies,
And Mary's full days accomplished were,
And Christ, her Son, was born in Bethlehem.

And when the shepherd men and Eastern Kings
To flocks and to their distant thrones returned
Rejoicing they had seen the Lord, and when
King Herod of unenvied fame, through fear
And jealousy had sought to slay the Child
By cruel massacre of Innocents,
'Twas then—drooped, and drooped, and withered
down and died
The lovely Lily of our legend song
Through very sympathy and bitter grief.

The Old Philosophy and Conservation of Energy.

WE confess that it is with a feeling of hesitation that we approach this subject. On the one hand the principle of Conservation of Energy is among all others the best established and most significant in the later developments of physical science; and the more progress is made in science, the more it becomes evident that all progress depends upon the application of this principle. On the other hand it is just the point in which the divergence between science and philosophy is most marked. It would be an error to suppose that the science of chemistry is our chief stumbling-block. The difficulties that can be brought from chemistry against Aristotle's system of explaining the composition of bodies, are trivial as compared with the difficulty afforded by the Conservation of Energy.

We shall do our best to state that difficulty clearly, and then we shall submit our reply. If our reply seems to halt, to lack the note of an assured triumph, it is not because we are preparing for a surrender. It is very probable that the strength of our opponents lies quite as much in the imperfection as in the perfection of science. We have just light enough to show us the objections clearly—we have not always enough light to see clearly their solution.

By the law of the Conservation of Energy, we mean the impossibility¹ of any increase or diminution in the amount of Energy existing throughout the material universe. It may appear in infinitely varying forms, which can be transmuted into one another in the most varied ways, but always so that after each change the exact equivalent of the old form is found under the new one. Joule was the first to establish the law experimentally for heat in its relation to mechanical power:

¹ It is hardly necessary to remark that we mean only *physical* impossibility, or that which is relative to the existing laws of nature. We neglect the question of Dissipation, or Degradation of Energy, as it is concerned with the availability rather than the actual existence of Energy.

since his time the applications have been numerous and ever increasing. Now the existence of the law is taken for granted in all directions: hence the idea of perpetual motion, which could only result from a contravention of the law, is exploded.

Thus we can readily see what in general is meant by the principle of Conservation of Energy, and yet there is a good deal of confusion about it in the popular literature of science. We are sometimes told that energy is conserved, at other times that force is persistent,¹ at other times that motion is indestructible; as if all these were convertible propositions, or the use of exact terms in a matter like this not of the utmost importance. If then by Energy is meant actual energy, and by actual energy kinetic or mechanical energy, or local motion, the statement that it is unchangeable is not only false, but one of the most monstrous absurdities that has ever been invented. We are once again face to face with Mr. Huxley's proposition that all phenomena are resolvable into mechanism. We prescind for the present from all vital energy, and we say that there is no basis whatever in physical science for stating that actual local motion is indestructible. We shall try to prove later on that it can never be transferred without being destroyed. But suffice it here to ask what has become of the energy that lifted the rain-cloud? It is now in perfect equilibrium above the earth, and if it moves its motion is caused by the wind and is accidental. But when, catching the mountain-peak, it pours itself forth in a torrent into the valley, it will do so indirectly, but truly, in virtue of the energy that raised it on high. It is unnecessary to prove that here we have an instance of energy

¹ Mr. Spencer has entitled a chapter (in his "First Principles") Persistence of Force, giving as a reason, that the word Conservation implies a Conserver! That he understands it in the sense of the Indestructibility of Motion, is clear from the following passage: "The law that, when not influenced by external force, a moving body will go on in a straight line with a uniform velocity, is in our day being merged in the more general one, that motion, like matter, is indestructible, and that whatever is lost by any one portion of matter, is transferred to other portions. It may be remarked of motion, as it was of matter, that its indestructibility is not only to be inductively inferred, but that it is a necessity of thought." (Third Ed., pp. 181, 182.) We intend to use throughout the word Energy rather than Force, not only because such is, we think, increasingly the use among our most influential writers on science, but also because the term Energy is less liable to abuse, or at least is less abused, than the term Force. Its definition, "the power of doing work," is indeed general enough, but in practice it is always restricted (as a philosophical term) to mean mechanical, or at least material, Energy; whereas, under the term Force, the ideas proper to Spiritual Energy are sometimes slipped in. Herschel has, we think, fallen into this snare in his *Familiar Lectures*, and it is common among the dynamical school of writers.

reduced for a time to potency, for of late our better and more influential leaders of scientific thought have learnt themselves to distinguish between actual and potential energy, or, as they more commonly express it (but not, as it seems to us, so philosophically), energy of position and kinetic energy.

Now, considered in such a way, Conservation of Energy is so far in complete accord with peripatetic philosophy. It is true indeed that the system derives all energy from the substantial forms, and that these are said to be in a state of flux, some being generated and others corrupted or destroyed. But to make it clear that there is here no necessary opposition between the two points of view, we may compare the actuation of substantial forms with the actuation of energy, which may be considered as an accidental form. In both cases there is an act, which is variable in itself, and which may be reduced to the potency from which it was derived, but which can never be utterly lost—which can never be reduced to nothing. And this important truth in regard of the substantial form is one which is not unfrequently lost sight of by those who give only a partial consideration to Peripatetic doctrine, and do not care to master thoroughly the meaning of its terms. We speak indeed of the corruption and generation of forms, and, when considering the matter in the abstract in order to deal with speculative difficulties, we say that they are generated from, or reduced to, the pure or absolute potency of matter. Nevertheless, it is quite understood, and even expressly stated by Aristotle,¹ that, speaking physically and in the concrete order, one substantial form simply takes the place of another. Thus we might say, in this sense, that form B is educed from the potency of form A. It follows from the above remarks, that when A is corrupted, and B generated, the amount of energy actuated need not necessarily be affected. If the actual energy of A was ten degrees, the actual energy of B may remain precisely the same. If, however, in the process of substantial

¹ τὸ γὰρ φθειρόμενον ἐν τούτῳ ἐστὶν ἡ στέρησις. (*Phys.* i. 9.) That is to say that, in a substantial change, the form which is corrupted is precisely that which gives to the matter the tendency or proximate potency to be actuated by the special form which is generated. This proximate potency, called *στέρησις*, or *appetition*, is enumerated by Aristotle among the principles of generation. So that speaking of these, in chapter vii., he says: διὸ ἔστι μὲν ὡς δύο λεκτέον εἶναι τὰς ἀρχάς, ἔστι δ' ὡς τρεῖς, and lower down, ὕλην καὶ στέρησιν ἑτερόν φαμεν εἶναι, καὶ τούτων τὸ μὲν οὐκ ἂν εἶναι κατὰ συμβεβηκός, τὴν ὕλην, τὴν δὲ στέρησιν καθ' αὐτήν, καὶ τὴν μὲν ἐγγὺς καὶ οὐσίαν πως, τὴν ὕλην, τὴν δὲ στέρησιν οὐδαμῶς.

change, some energy is apparently lost, yet it will still remain as potential energy, and may be actuated again, as the modern doctrine of Conservation of Energy teaches, by new causation. For instance, when electricity is stored by a process of chemical (or, as we should say, substantial) change, its energy is reduced to potency along with the forms (say) of zinc and oxygen, until it is newly actuated by reverse changes.

We may here consider another side of the question, namely, the origin of vital forms and their relation to the principle of conservation. They are the source of energy, material energy, of the intensest kind; and they are in a state of perpetual flux. We have protested, in the name of common sense quite as much as in that of philosophy,¹ against the supposition that there is no radical and essential distinction between the energy displayed in the life of plants (much more in that of animals), and in the brute forces of inorganic substance. How then can we maintain that, notwithstanding the continual birth, growth, decay, and extinction of plants and animals, the amount of energy in nature is unchanging and unchangeable? In this way. Vital forms are higher and more powerful than inorganic ones, but are in all their operations (at least in those which concern matter) subordinate to the laws of matter. Biologists are quite justified in expressing vital energy in the terms of heat, chemical combination, and electrical action. Such formulas speak the truth, though necessarily not the whole truth. Digestion is a chemical process; and if it is convenient to consider it as nothing more, it is quite reasonable in a treatise on physiology to do so. But it is more all the same, and we take it the dyspeptic will not demand a proof.

In the case of all human energy, this point should be attended to, as it might cause some difficulty. The human soul, although the form of the body and the source of all its energy, is independent of it in its origin; it is neither educed nor educible from the potency of matter. But the soul, spiritual though it be in its essence and in its higher operations, is virtually though not actually material. In other words, it takes the place of a material form in so far as it is the form of a material substance. Therefore it acts as the other would act, and (leaving all spiritual operations out of sight, because they do not concern the question) it is as dependent on the

¹ See *THE MONTH* for July, 1888, p. 477. After all, what is philosophy, if it be worthy of the name, except common sense analyzed and vindicated?

laws of matter and material energy as a purely material form would be. Otherwise the soul, while still informing the body, could think without effort, fly without wings, work without food—in a word, would have all the advantages of a pure spirit without being one. And so when one of us enters or leaves the world, there may indeed be a loss or gain of spiritual, but not of material, energy. The human soul in its earthly sojourn has to avail itself of the energy it finds around it, to direct it to its own ends, to subordinate it to its own line of action. But it can in no way originate it, or affect the amount that exists in the universe. We may illustrate this simply by a telegraphic machine. Suppose a simple current of electricity, and what will be the result? Some chemical change, a few sharp taps, or a bell rung, and some heat at a low temperature produced. Now put a clerk at one end of the wire, and see the change. His thoughts or another's are transmitted some thousands of miles, and registered. Here is a result of an infinitely higher kind, produced by the same energy, but differently disposed and directed. Of course some energy was expended on the work by the clerk, but the result is still really due to the electricity, and to precisely the same quantity as was expended before, though it could not have produced this result but for the control of the clerk.

So far we have not met with any serious difficulty in this subject, but we may now put the objection to which we have referred above. We will suppose, therefore, that actual or kinetic energy is not the only sort of energy, and that it is by no means unchanging in its quantity. On the contrary, it is being continually reduced to potency—but only so that it may under favourable conditions reappear in act.¹ But though all energy is not *actual*, is not all *actual energy kinetic*? Let us be quite clear about stating this question. It is a very slight modification of Professor Huxley's dictum about all phenomena being resolved into mechanism. We might say that it resolves all actual changes of condition into changes of place. This appears a very simple issue, especially as we are for the present

¹ Professor G. F. Fitzgerald, in his recent address to the British Association, from which we quoted in our last article, speaks of the "metaphysical grounds for reducing potential to kinetic energy." He is dealing with the vortex-theory of matter, and the possibility of its explaining chemical actions, and—that crux of the mechanical school—gravity. But he would be the first to admit that all this is the merest speculation, which bears no proportion to the certainty that there is such a thing as energy of position as well as known actual local motion.

excluding all vital changes. Is it inconsistent with the theory of matter which we are maintaining? Certainly it is, if accepted without modification. For a mere change of local relations could never be an adequate cause for the generation and corruption of such important realities as those which are called substantial forms. To change one's position does not change one's essence, and this is as true of a molecular aggregate as of a simple molecule. In order to produce new essences, the Peripatetic philosopher must and does postulate *qualitative*, as distinct from *local*, changes. For qualitative change is, so to speak, the road towards specific change; but local change can only produce new arrangements, which may amount to accidental, but never to specific change. Such is the problem we have now to discuss.

We will consider briefly the reasons adducible for the mechanical theory of phenomena. In the first place we cannot admit that, because energy is unchanging in its gross amount, therefore it is of necessity all of one sort, that is to say, all in itself local motion (or the mere cause of local motion). It follows, indeed, that all sorts of energy, as light, heat, chemical change, electricity, magnetism, besides being transmutable into local motion, are reducible to local motion in a mathematical sense. That is, their equivalent can be always expressed in terms of local motion. And this is all that Joule really proved by his experiments in the case of heat. This point is worth noticing, and it is not always kept in sight.

This being so, the advocates of the mechanical theory must depend on induction, and it alone, to establish the same. It would not be without interest (had we space enough) to discuss the validity of the induction on which the statement rests, that all phenomena can be resolved into mechanism or local motion. We think it could be shown that, even considering inorganic bodies alone, such a sweeping assertion ought not to be let pass without some important limitations. But it is not in such a way that a defence of the philosophy of Aristotle is to be essayed. No one could now reasonably doubt that the difference between light and (radiant) heat is merely quantitative, and although there are serious difficulties in the undulatory theory,¹ yet so much has been explained of the phenomena of light and heat by its application, and the phenomenon of interference points so directly to it, that all practical doubt on the subject

¹ See *Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics*. By J. B. Stallo, pp. 92—99.

is eliminated. The case of electricity (especially when we include magnetism, which is certainly due to circular electrical currents), is perhaps different; but here also it is most rational to suppose that our knowledge of electricity generally, and the certainty that it depends on the equilibrium of the luminous medium, will proceed in a direct ratio. The rotation of the plane of polarization of light by magnetic force, effected by Clerk Maxwell, nearly a quarter of a century ago, seems by itself a most decisive proof of a deep interdependence between light and electricity.¹ Again, the very close relation proved to exist between the combining weights and the calorific capacities of the elements points to a hidden connection between heat and chemical affinity.

We are now in a better position to understand clearly the difficulty caused by the modern theory of conservation of energy, understood as including its unification or restriction to mechanical energy. The theory of the ancients was built up before they had, or could have, any knowledge of molecular movements as they are now being explored. They naturally distinguished between local changes, and those which they called respectively generation, increase, and alteration, or qualitative change. It is true that by local change they intended, principally at least, movement in space of the whole mass rather

¹ Professor G. F. Fitzgerald, in the same address, says: "In a presidential address on the borderlands of the known, delivered from this chair, the great Clerk Maxwell spoke of, as an undecided question, whether electro-magnetic phenomena are due to a direct action at a distance or are due to the action of an intervening medium. The year 1888 will be ever memorable as the year in which this great question has been experimentally decided by Hertz in Germany, and, I hope, by others in England. It has been decided in favour of the hypothesis that these actions take place by means of an intervening medium. . . . There are some difficulties surrounding the complete interpretation of some of Hertz's experiments. The conditions are complicated; but I confidently expect that they will lead to a decision on most of the outstanding questions on the theory of electro-magnetic action. However, there is no doubt that he has observed the interference of electro-magnetic waves quite analogous to those of light, and that he has proved that electro-magnetic actions are propagated in air with the velocity of light. By a beautiful device, Hertz has produced rapidly alternating currents of such frequency that their wave length is only about two metres. . . . It is exactly the same phenomenon as what are known as Lloyd's bands in optics, which are due to the interference between a direct and a reflected wave. It follows hence that, just as Young's and Fresnell's researches on the interference of light prove the undulatory theory of optics, so Hertz's experiment proves the ethereal theory of electro-magnetism. It is a splendid result. Henceforth I hope no learner will fail to be impressed with the theory—hypothesis no longer—that electro-magnetic actions are due to a medium pervading all known space, and that it is the same medium as the one by which light is propagated."

than of infra-microscopical particles. But as their important distinction was based upon their ignorance of molecular science, surely now that we have acquired it, and find that it points away from their theory, we ought simply to acknowledge that that theory is false. We cannot deny that this reasoning carries with it considerable weight.

Is then the cause of Aristotle abandoned? For no doubt upon the answer to this objection its fate mainly depends. Not yet. Those who think that evidently nothing more can be said on the subject, will probably prefer to see our case stated in a few words. We admit then that the mechanical theory gives a true analysis of the above phenomena as far as it goes; but we do not admit that it is a final analysis. We admit that vibrations are the cause of the phenomena; we deny that the vibrations exist without qualities. We by no means assert that the vibrations are qualities, but that they are caused (or conditioned) by them. We readily acknowledge that the reasons for this assertion are not obvious in the sense that they appear on the surface; yet we venture to hope that they are none the less solid, and will not be without some conviction for those who are willing to penetrate into the heart of the subject.

Our readers may remember Herschel's comparison of the mechanical theory to the knocking about of billiard balls. Let us attend to this, as it may give us some help. Suppose two such balls moving along the same straight line, but in opposite directions, impinge on each other. Owing to the elasticity of ivory, they will rebound with a velocity which (by neglecting frictional impediments) is practically the same as their original velocity. What has become of their original motions? Can we say that each motion has passed from one ball to the other? Those who maintain the indestructibility of motion are bound to assert this. As a convenient fiction, a mathematical formula, the statement will do very well. As a philosophical explanation of the phenomenon it must be summarily rejected. For motion is the accident of a body. That is to say, motion cannot be self-subsisting, but requires a body to support it, a body in which it can subsist. Now it is certainly repugnant to the nature of things that numerically the same accident can pass from one subject in one place to another subject in another place. How then do we explain the phenomenon? By the principle of potential energy. We assume as needing no proof

the *inertia* of bodies, and therefore that the balls are incapable of acting on themselves either to impart motion to themselves, or, if in motion, to bring themselves to rest.¹ The balls act on each other. Each ball has to stop the other's motion in one direction, and impart it in the opposite direction. Or it has to reduce actual energy to potency, before it can educe energy of an opposite sort. For a moment the balls are at rest, and during that moment they cannot impart actual *motion*, and yet they impart new energy to each other. What is this energy, this *impulse* towards motion? It is something which we know from experience can exist for a time even though motion be externally obstructed. It is not actual motion, though it can be called in a sense actual energy. What is it? Listen to Mr. Huxley: "In what manner can we conceive that the *vis viva* of the first ball passes into the second? I confess I can no more form any conception of what happens in this case than I can when the motion of particles of my nervous matter gives rise to the state of consciousness I call pain. In ultimate analysis everything is *incomprehensible*."² Listen to the Peripatetics, and judge between us. The actual energy, which is not actual motion, but causes it, is an *active quality*. No doubt the final dictum that the phenomenon in question is incomprehensible, or a mode of the Unknowable,³ is exceedingly convenient for those whose ultimate goal of philosophy is absolute scepticism, but those who think knowledge a legitimate aim in a philosopher may possibly admit that our explanation is at least as good as that of the Agnostic physiologist.

Suppose now that both balls are perfectly inelastic. They will collide but not rebound. Their energy has been reduced to potency. But this ought to be in order to a new act, and we may now ask what is it? That we may see the doctrine of

¹ It will be observed that we do not discuss the nature of elasticity as depending on the internal, physical, or molecular, structure of the elastic substance. We prescind from this, as our argument is independent of it, and we have throughout carefully avoided anything that would involve giving an opinion on the sorely-vexed question of the possibility of *actio in distans*. If the nature of matter has to wait for that controversy to be ended before it can be usefully discussed, it will probably have to wait till the Day of Judgment, or after.

² *Critiques and Addresses*, p. 285.

³ Compare Herbert Spencer, who (in his *First Principles*, p. 217) remarks: "The *modes of the Unknowable*, which we call motion, heat, light, chemical affinity, are alike transformable into each other, and into the modes of the Unknowable, which we distinguish as sensation, emotion, thought." *The italics here and above are ours.*

Conservation of Energy, and its application to phenomena, is older than some persons suppose, we shall allow Leibnitz to answer our query. In his *Opera Philosophica*, he writes, "J'avais soutenu que les Forces Actives se conservent dans le monde. On m'objecte, que deux corps non-élastiques concourant entre-eux, perdent de leur force. Je réponds que non. Il est vrai que les Touts la perdent par rapport à leur mouvement total ; mais les parties la reçoivent, étant agitées intérieurement par la force du concours. Les forces ne sont détruites, mais dissipées parmi les parties menues."¹ Science has developed this notion, and tells us that in the case supposed the energy reappears under the form of heat, which consists of vibrations—in the surrounding ether, if the heat is radiant ; in the substance itself, if it is diffused. As we have pointed out, it is not for us to dispute the existence of such heat vibrations, or to deny that they will in a certain way account for the phenomenon of heat : our contention is only that they do not supply a complete and (in a philosophical sense) final explanation of the phenomenon. Clearly we are in the presence now of molecular movements of extreme intensity and complexity, which movements are quickened and increased according as we require of them the explanation of a greater variety of phenomena.

If then in the simplest mechanical process we have seen a reason for stating the existence of a quality inherent in the substance moved, distinct from the local movement in question, but ordered to it ; is it not reasonable to admit the existence of active or passive qualities introduced into the substance to make it the fit subject of such numerous and delicate vibrations as the mechanical theory supposes ?

The most that we can hope to do in the present state of the question is to show that our position is not unreasonable. If that be once granted, we have an abundance of positive and direct arguments for the truth of the scholastic system, which of course are so many indirect arguments to prove the existence of our qualities. Let it be observed then we do not contend that physics and mathematics ought necessarily² to take account of anything but the vibrations, which alone can be

¹ Ed. Erdmann, p. 775. M. du Bois Reymond has drawn attention to the passage.

² If the Peripatetic theory of matter be true, it seems to follow that the higher branches of physics would make more real progress, if that theory were admitted among the leaders of scientific thought. And the confusion that exists among them at present is probably to be traced to the rejection of Aristotle's philosophy.

observed, measured, and counted. It is the vibrations of which the different sorts are transmutable, and which have given rise to the Conservation of Energy, as a mathematical theory. The vibrations, though they are far too infinitesimal to be directly observed, are easily seized by the imagination. They are the same in kind as those vibrations in air and water of which we have sensible experience. Whereas we contend that behind the vibrations, causing them, and belonging to a different and higher order of reality than they are, are qualities which cannot be discerned except by the intellect, and only imperfectly by that.

That the difficulty in admitting the ideas of peripateticism by those devoted to the study of sensible phenomena, is largely due to the fact that those ideas elude the imagination, *i.e.*, are not capable of sensible representation, is well illustrated by Mr. Tyndall, who writes :

"The caution of many chemists leads them to stop short of the clear sharp mechanically-intelligible theory of Dalton. . . . Bring your imagination into play, and figure a series of sound-waves passing through the air. What then do you expect to find as the source of a series of æther-waves? Ask your imagination if it will accept a vibrating multiple proportion. . . . The scientific imagination, which is here authoritative, demands as the cause of a series of waves a particle of vibrating matter."¹

After all this is but part of a much larger controversy. Are we to reject everything that we cannot touch, taste, and see? Is there no true reality beyond and behind phenomena? This question may be applied to the existence of substance, of causality, of the human soul, of God. The fact that the question is uniformly answered in the negative by those who reduce all phenomena to pure mechanism, and deny all other changes of matter except mechanical changes, is in itself instructive. It ought to cause some hesitation in those who are inclined to dally with the mechanical theory without intending to yield everything to their enemies. And in treating of this subject it has been well said in a former number of this Review :

We know how the mind, in each age, is apt to be determined by the general leanings of the age. . . . In an age that believes solely in

¹ *Fragments of Science*, p. 358. We trust we shall not be understood to deny the usefulness of a good scientific imagination. We only deny that it is the *final* authority in a question which is properly philosophical.

physical force, any effect, however marvellous, will be attributed to natural agencies [we might add *mechanical* agencies]. This is rather the mechanical following of a bias than a rational process. . . . Such is the strain of one whose disposition to believe is given him by the actual manipulation of matter. It is noticeable that no metaphysical argument enters into his calculation, but when it is proposed to him, his reply is that he cannot of course disprove the asserted duality [of matter and form], but he sees no cogent reason for its admission."¹

And in very truth would it not be amusing, if it were not pitiful, to see into what straits the blind admirers of Hume and Mill are driven in their efforts to expunge the very words Substance and Cause from our language? They have to use them sometimes, but with what abject apologies! What promises to be more careful for the future! This infatuation (for we can call it nothing less) extends to those who are comparatively reasonable. For instance Dr. Fowler, in his *Inductive Logic*, uses the word Cause freely, but explains that he means no more by causality than a constant sequence. Professor Daniell is careful to define causality in the same way. Mr. J. B. Stallo, in *The Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics*, in which he labours not without success to show the futility of the mechanical theory of phenomena,² after choosing among many Somoff's definition of *force*, adds that he likes it best notwithstanding that it includes the word Cause! No wonder Mr. Huxley declares that "he cannot form the faintest notion how a cause gives rise to its effect." If he means that he cannot *sensibly* represent to himself an abstract idea, he might as well have spared his printing ink. But we should like to remind him in passing that the difference between scientific and common knowledge is precisely that the former deals with facts, not as mere facts (or sequences), but as causes and effects. What a pity that those who wish to be considered men of science should stultify themselves so far. It cannot be from a desire to escape the necessity of acknowledging a First Cause?

¹ See THE MONTH for April, 1881, in an able article entitled, "The Metaphysics of the Schools," p. 603.

² He gives an abundance of reasons for a remark which he makes on p. 181. "What does the demand of the atomo-mechanical theory, to admit no interaction between bodies than that of impact imply? Nothing less than this, that the first rudimentary and unreasoned impressions of the untutored savage shall stand for ever as the basis of all possible science." Perhaps however we ought in fairness to add that his own system of philosophy, which appears to be a sort of synthesis of Hegel and Herbert Spencer, is worse than that of the mechanical atomists—if we can have a worse than the worst.

Now we affirm that as there are cogent intellectual reasons for admitting the reality of substance and causality, though we can imagine neither; so there are cogent intellectual reasons for postulating active and passive qualities inhering in substance, and operating as causes on the one hand of the vibrations of phenomena, and on the other hand of the eduction of new substantial forms to support and preserve the qualities in question. And here as always philosophy is in complete accord with common sense, which certainly cannot without violence believe that there are in nature no changes except those which amount to nude relations of place. It will be observed we do not deny anything which the mechanical philosophers assert, but we assert a great deal which they deny.

There is here an important consideration. As science goes on simplifying phenomena, and showing more and more how they can be expressed in terms of local motion—we may add *are* local motion, if we prescind from what is behind phenomena—the qualities in question, nay, the substantial forms themselves, become simplified in a direct ratio. We can never dispense with them altogether, but we have less work for them to do. For if all phenomena are resolvable into mechanism, (and now we see how far we can admit the dictum), all substances and all the qualities of substance are henceforth ordered to local motion. It is a first principle in philosophy that *Operation follows Being*; and if all the operations of matter consist of mechanism or the potency of mechanism (and we think this must be conceded to scientific discovery) then the Being of matter, or material Forms and Qualities, are all conversant with mechanism; all tend to it; all are, so to speak, constructed with a view to it. What these qualities are we do not pretend to say, except that they are accidental but real modifications of substance. We know very little after all of the structure of matter, viewed from the physical side, and there is no physicist who does not admit and proclaim loudly as much. But, whatever they are, the mechanical theory is double-edged in their regard. It seems to leave little room for them: but it helps to reduce them to modest proportions.

If our argument hitherto has seemed feeble and obscure (and the subject is not an easy one), we have something now to add which we hope will strengthen it indefinitely. We have heretofore excluded every consideration drawn from organic substance. Our opponents frequently demand this, and we wished

to meet them first, if possible, on their own ground. But as we are writing chiefly for Catholic philosophers, we can now point out that there is something more to be advanced on behalf of Peripateticism.

All the arguments which are brought forward to establish the purely mechanical theory as the explanation of all the energy of inorganic matter can be and are applied with equal force to the energy of living bodies. For here is the gist of the arguments. We find that heat, light, and electricity are transmutable with a definite amount of kinetic energy, and that they have properties which can be accounted for by vibrations of a certain number, length, and intensity. Therefore we believe in the vibrations, which we can always imagine and in some cases prove; and we refuse to believe in qualities or substance (as a distinct entity) because they can be neither weighed, measured, nor imagined. Now it is evident that this argument to be logical must be pushed a good deal further. The vibrations of matter do not cease when they meet our senses. They enter us, and pass along the fibres of our nervous system, till they reach the centres of motion in our brain. Physiologists have found that molecular movements accompany all our mental acts. It has even been lately reported from America that thought has been weighed; that is to say, that by placing a person's hand in a scale suspended in a fluid, it has been found possible to discern whether he is reading (secretly) in the vernacular or in Greek. The difference in the weight of the hand is supposed to depend on the amount of blood driven to the head by the intensity of the cerebral process. That the vibrations in our bodies have not as yet been the subject of as careful and successful calculations as those which impinge upon us, is an accident that does not affect the question. The pure materialist is only consistent when he refuses to acknowledge any other element in consciousness and volition except a mechanical one. In our opening article,¹ when (treating the subject from a standpoint altogether different) we pointed out the logical position of materialists, as compared with half-hearted peripatetics, we quoted Mr. Spencer saying that "the law of metamorphosis which holds among the physical forces, holds equally between them and the mental forces."

We subjoin here a passage of Mr. Huxley's in the same sense. Speaking of an electric spark, and its perception by us, he says:

¹ See THE MONTH for July, 1888.

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As the electric force, the light-waves, and the nerve vibrations caused by the impact of the light-waves on the retina are all expressed by the molecular changes which are taking place in the elements of the battery; so consciousness is in the same sense the expression of molecular changes which take place in the nervous matter which is the organ of consciousness.

He expresses a doubt "whether we shall ever be able to express consciousness in foot-pounds," but he goes on to say, "Consciousness and molecular action are capable of being expressed by one another, just as heat and mechanical action are capable of being expressed by one another."¹

In the context, indeed, as elsewhere, he is careful to insist that it is not his intention to defend pure materialism. His position is rather negative or agnostic. He does not so much deny as doubt the existence of a human soul distinct from the vibrating molecules of the nerves and brain. But the limitation is rather due to his taste for rhetoric than to his philosophical ideas.

As we have previously devoted an article to the scholastic system of perception and its bearing on the nature of matter, we need here add only one remark on the subject. If the phenomena of non-vital bodies can be expressed by the local motion of particles, there is no reason why consciousness should not also be expressed in the same manner. For consciousness—we mean of course consciousness in the lower faculties, or sensation, for pure intellection as such is evidently beside the question—is a phenomenon of a living body, and it is also a vital quality. Therefore it has to be treated as any other active quality of a material substance. If you say consciousness is molecular movement—and something more; I reply heat is molecular movement—and something more. Something more which transcends the spectroscope and the radiometer, but something more which is real for all that.

There is a subject which we had thought of dealing with—the Peripatetic doctrine of the distinction between substance and quantity. It is necessary to the understanding of molecular movement, at least if we deny, as we hinted in a former article we are disposed to deny, the complete and substantial separateness of the moving molecules. It is also a doctrine which harmonizes well with the Peripatetic doctrine about qualities. But considering that our readers' patience must be about

¹ *Critiques and Addresses*, loc. cit.

exhausted, and that in any case we cannot hope to exhaust our subject—the basis of the whole Peripatetic philosophy—we think it better to call a halt. We have tried to represent fairly the chief difficulties that modern science has opposed to the theory of *materia prima*, and to point out the line of defence that may be reasonably adopted. And we have stated some of the paramount reasons for at least considering favourably the answers to scientific objections. In taking leave of the subject, may we be permitted to express a belief that if the arguments of Peripatetic philosophers do not always appear conclusive, yet the more their system is studied, the more impregnable it will appear; and that it never proceeds by substituting one difficulty for another, more hopeless because more fundamental.

Gethsemani.

COMMENTATORS on Holy Scripture, and writers on the life of our Blessed Lord, in our own and in other languages, in noting the frequency of our Lord's visits to Gethsemani, and His constant habit of retiring there for repose, recollection, and prayer, or for the instruction of His Apostles, explain this by saying that *probably* Gethsemani was the property of some friend or disciple of Jesus Christ.

This conjecture is more than borne out by the constant tradition in Jerusalem, from the earliest times, that Gethsemani was the country house, the suburban villa, of our Lord's maternal grandfather St. Joachim: a tradition which is confirmed by the fact (a fact which in itself would be almost conclusive for any one familiar with the antiquities of Jerusalem) that at Gethsemani we have still existing, and venerated by all Catholics, the tombs of St. Joachim and St. Anne, as well as that which contained all that was mortal of our Blessed Lady during the interval between her death and her glorious Assumption.

The well-to-do dwellers in Jerusalem in the time of our Lord's mortal life, like those in other cities at all times, had generally their *rus in urbe*, some suburban property, where they could take recreation, escape from town life, and cultivate a vegetable supply for domestic purposes. This property would of course vary in extent according to circumstances; it might be only a garden, like that of St. Joseph of Arimathea, which was in an angle of the city walls, just outside the north-western gate (*porta judiciaria*) and under the rock of Calvary; or it might be a villa, with a garden and olive-yard, and farm-buildings, like that of Gethsemani; but, in all cases, the first thought of the proprietor would be to make it the burying-place of his family, and to supply it with tombs. Throughout the whole neighbourhood of Jerusalem a soft, porous, limestone rock (which hardens by exposure to the air) is met with, either close to the surface of the soil, or protruding beyond it: and in this rock, easily worked,

the Jews dug their tombs. These tombs varied in form and dimension, the poorer people were buried in public cemeteries, where the tombs, more or less, resemble a modern grave, but those who possessed land, and could afford a private tomb, dug chambers in the rock to receive their dead. The corpses, after having been embalmed, were laid on a *torus*, or low bench, cut out of the rock in the chamber so formed, and were frequently visited by the friends and relations of the departed, who made a point of bestowing the greatest care on the corpses, and the interior of the tombs. Such a tomb might consist of one or two chambers, in the latter case, the inner chamber would be about seven feet long by about five in breadth; and the *torus*, on which the corpse was laid, was about two feet in width, and extended along the whole of one side of the chamber. The passage into the inner from the outer chamber (where the appliances were kept for embalming, and for keeping the tomb clean and in order), was by a low aperture, through which a man could creep by stooping down, while the entrance to the tomb itself was by a door four or five feet high, which was closed by a large, round, flat stone, fixed on a wooden pivot near its circumference, and made to play in a groove cut in the rock behind the door, by which arrangement a man with a crow-bar, or other lever, could open the tomb by raising the stone and letting it fall back into the groove, while, by drawing it forward again, the stone fell into position by its own weight, and effectually closed the tomb even to the passage of the air. In the "Tombs of the Kings" at Jerusalem, I found several of these stones in their original position, and even in working condition.

St. Joachim and St. Anne were natives of Saphoria (now Saphour), a small town in Galilee, and about six miles from Nazareth, where they had property, and where the Crusaders built a church, now in ruins, on the site of their former residence, under their invocation. They were wealthy people, lived for the most part in Jerusalem, and Gethsemani was their "villa house" (Blandyke), outside the walls of the town, under the slopes of Mount Olivet. Our Blessed Lady married a poor artisan, who, however, was of royal descent, and such a marriage would not even now be thought in any way unbecoming or unusual in the East, where wealth or poverty has never been considered a bar to marriage or social intercourse, as it has been in the West.

We have therefore, in the fact that Gethsemani was the property of His family, a very simple and obvious explanation of

our Blessed Lord's making it the place of His constant resort, while He was preaching in Jerusalem. St. Luke says: "Now going out He went *according to His custom* to the Mount of Olives,"¹ and St. John adds that "Judas who betrayed Him knew the place because Jesus *had often resorted thither together with His disciples*."² St. Matthew speaks of the place as "*a village called Gethsemani*."³ St. Mark as "*a farm called Gethsemani*."⁴ St. John as "*a garden over the torrent of Kedron*,"⁵ and we shall see that it answered to each description.

The road from Jerusalem to Bethany and Jericho, starting from the gate of St. Stephen (the scene of the martyrdom of the proto-martyr), near the north-east angle of the city, descends into the valley of Jehosaphat and, crossing the Kedron, keeps the Mount of Olives on the left, and the bed of the Kedron on the right till, passing over the shoulder of one of the spurs of the mountain, it turns eastwards to Bethany, and then southwards to Jericho and the Jordan. Another road leaves the Zion gate in the south-west face of the city, descends into the valley of Jehosaphat, crosses the Kedron, and joins the road to Bethany about one hundred and fifty yards south of Gethsemani. The "Coenaculum" and the house of Annas are both close to the Zion gate, and it was by this road that our Blessed Lord, after instituting the Blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist, repaired with the eleven Apostles to Gethsemani, and was brought back thence as a prisoner by Judas and his band to the house of Annas: and from the latter fact it goes by the name of the "Via Captivitatis," the entire distance from the gate of Zion to Gethsemani is six hundred paces, or half a Roman mile plus one hundred yards.

The Catholic pilgrim, leaving the gate of St. Stephen by the first-named of these roads, would cross the Kedron in about five minutes, and a little further on would find himself among ruined foundations of houses—here stood the "*village*,"⁶ called Gethsemani," but, passing on, his whole interest will centre upon the former property of St. Joachim. After crossing the Kedron, the road follows the western slope of Mount Olivet, the side of the mountain rising abruptly from the road for about two hundred

¹ St. Luke xxii. 39.

² St. John xviii. 2.

³ St. Matt. xxvi. 36.

⁴ St. Mark xiv. 32.

⁵ St. John xviii. 1.

⁶ St. Matt. xxvi. 36. The word used in the Vulgate is "*villa*," in the Greek "*χάριον*"; both terms suggest a country-house, or farm, or small property, rather than a "*village*."

or three hundred yards; the mountain then recedes from the road, and after leaving a small plain, of several acres of level ground, in the shape of a triangle with a broad base (the base being the line of the road to Bethany, and the apex a small rocky gorge with precipitous sides), the mountain comes forward again, and continues to form the boundary of the road—in this recess lay the villa, the farm, and the garden of Gethsemani.

The greater portion of the ground was devoted to the cultivation of the olive, whence the place derived its name. The olive-yard extended by the side of the Bethany road, forming an outer belt along the whole length of the property, a small portion only of this remains, containing five or six olive-trees of great antiquity, which are believed to have been standing in our Lord's time. There is nothing improbable in this. "The olive-tree," as Pliny says, "never dies." As the old trunk of the tree decays, it puts out new roots, and young wood forces its way through the old, and branches forth in perpetual rejuvenescence. There are olive-trees in other parts of the world known to have been standing for centuries before our era.

Within this belt, on the extreme north of the property, we come to the "grotto of Gethsemani," or "Church of our Lady's tomb." This was originally a great cavern in the rock, in the form of an irregular ellipsis, and was made the "*family vault*" of the proprietor of Gethsemani by digging tombs in it, in the face of the rock. Over this St. Helena erected a vast church (circular in form, like that of the Holy Sepulchre) and converted the "Grotto" into the crypt of the church. On the capture of Jerusalem by Mahomet's generals, the church was destroyed. It was rebuilt by the Crusaders when they took Jerusalem, and again destroyed on the recovery of the country by the Saracens. The crypt, however, has been respected by the conquerors. The Catholics have an undoubted right to this grotto, not only by prescription, but by title-deeds and "firmans" which prove their claim. But, during political disturbances, the Greek schismatics obtained possession of it, and being a richer and more numerous community than the Catholics, and being well backed up by Russian influence at Constantinople, possession has proved *more* than "nine points" of Turkish law. The entrance to the "Grotto" is by a porch which shows the masonry of St. Helena's work intermixed with the more ornamental architecture of the Crusaders. You descend by forty-eight steps, and, in the passage leading to the church, you pass the tomb

of the Queen of Fulke, one of the Crusading Kings of Jerusalem, buried here by a special privilege. On the left side of the church are several tombs, two of them are of special interest, that of the aged Simeon (the author of the *Nunc Dimittis*), and that of the Patriarch St. Joseph. If ever the Catholics should make good their claim to the church, it is to be hoped that they will make it their first duty to rescue the tomb of the august spouse of our Blessed Lady from its present obscurity. St. Helena converted the original form of the cavern into a Latin cross by cutting away the rock, and terminated each extremity of the cross by a semicircular apse. The tomb of St. Joachim is at the further end of the church, near the high altar, and that of St. Anne's is a little to the right of it. Returning by the right side of the church we come to the tomb of our Blessed Lady, and one is at once struck by its resemblance to the "Holy Sepulchre." The rock has been cut away on every side of it, so that what was once a chamber in the rock is now a small chapel in the church. It has been adorned with marbles and other decorations, and surmounted by a small cupola. There is a curious fact in history, connected with this tomb, which appears to show that our Lady's Assumption has not been, at all times, so universally known by Catholics as it is at the present day. About the middle of the fifth century, the Empress St. Pulcheria, a canonized saint, and one of the greatest and most influential women that ever lived, wrote to the Patriarch of Jerusalem begging him to send her a portion of our Blessed Lady's body, in order that she might enrich the churches, which she was building and adorning in Constantinople, with relics. The Patriarch, in answer, expressed his astonishment at her Imperial Majesty's ignorance of the well known fact of our Lady's Assumption, adding, that as any petition from her came to him in the light of a command, he had ordered the tomb to be opened, and that nothing was found in it, except some vestments and wrappings in which the body had been buried, and that he sent these to her as the only relics of our Lady that he had to offer. Now the tomb is open, you may enter there, you may kneel upon the very spot in which the sacred body of the Mother of God reposed in the sleep of death, and you may there experience the power of her never-failing intercession. She who was conceived and lived Immaculate had no debt to discharge to death, and if, in order to show that she was a daughter of the first Adam and to imitate the example of her Divine Son, it was ordained that she should

pass through the shadow of death, it was at least unbecoming that she should see corruption in the grave, and He who said "Where I am, there shall My servant be also," did not long delay the fulfilment of His promise in regard to His Mother.

If, in leaving the church we keep a little to the left, we reach a rising ground, on which the house and farm-buildings are believed to have stood; it is covered with rubbish and the *débris* of Mount Olivet, washed down by the winter rains. But among these, you light upon stones which have been worked by the mason and employed in building. A pathway leaving the road, leads up to this point, passing between the olive-yard and the garden. If we take this pathway it will bring us to the garden. The Franciscan friars of the "Terra Santa" to whom the olive-yard and garden of Gethsemani belong, have lately surrounded them with walls, and laid out the garden with flower-beds and artistic culture. All praise to them for their pious motive, but I doubt their having added to the impressiveness of the spot. I have stood upon the battlefields of Marathon, Marengo, and Waterloo, but the impression they made upon me cannot compare, either in kind or in degree, with that which overwhelmed me as I stood in that little, neglected, desolate, and secluded garden.

It was here that our Blessed Lord after celebrating the Passover, instituting the Holy Eucharist, and delivering that marvellous discourse related by St. John, came from the "Cœnaculum" with the eleven Apostles. He crossed the Kedron. He came up that pathway, having the olive-yard on His left hand and the garden on His right.

Here He left eight of the Apostles in the olive-yard, and took St. Peter, St. James, and St. John with Him into the garden. They had witnessed the glory of His Transfiguration, would they not be better able than the rest to look without being scandalized upon His abasement? And, on entering the garden, He "began to be sorrowful," "even unto death," and, "going a little further" (*progressus pusillum*), He "fell upon His face." And then began that Agony in, which as the Divine Scapegoat, He bore in His Sacred Humanity the weight of a world's sin, and which was the commencement of His Passion—that final and decisive battle between "the Light," and the darkness, "the Life," and the death, between the world and Him who had come to save it.

J. H. WYNNE.

The First Mass.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FATHER LUIS COLOMA, S.J.

IN Andalusia, during summer, sudden thunder-storms occur very frequently ; but they last, in that clear bright climate, no longer than an expression of anger on the face of a child, who a moment afterwards will smile through his tears. The sun bursts forth brilliantly on one side while the heavy clouds are discharging torrents of rain on the other. The Andalusian peasants then say that "the devil is quarrelling with his mother-in-law."

One of these storms, which are none the less terrible for being short, burst upon the town of Z—— on the night of the 15th of July, eve of the feast of Our Lady of Carmel, patroness of the hospital of the place.

The rain had put out the lights, and drenched the banners and chinese lanterns that adorned the façade of the church in honour of the festival ; but the tempest could not impose silence on the bells in the tower as they announced, not only the morrow's feast, but also the celebration of a first Mass. At intervals, when the hurricane ceased for a few moments to rage and the thunder to roar, the bells might be distinctly heard, as despising the one and dominating the other, they went ringing on, as if inspired by truth and helped by reason, singing a joyful "Alleluia" to all around. The Carmel Hospital was situated in one of the steep, uneven streets of the upper part of the town ; it turned its back, as though despising human greatness, upon an old castle that was once the dwelling of some Spanish grandee, and opened upon a square formed by houses inhabited by the poor, and over the great doorway was inscribed in large characters : "Open for the temporal health of the poor and for the eternal welfare of the rich." Built close against its walls, like a swallow's nest, was a small whitewashed house, perfumed by a plant of mignonette that hung from the roof, and sanctified by a branch

of blessed laurel that was tied to the balcony with blue ribbons. In this modest abode lived Don Blas the chaplain, with his sister Mariquita and his nephew Pepito.

On the night to which we refer, the humble dwelling was bright and shining with the cleanliness and order produced by loving hands, anxious to prepare a pleasant reception for some expected loved one. He who was expected that night was no other than Pepito himself, the dearly-loved nephew, who had grown up under the care of the two old people like a joyous rose-bush under the shadow of grave cypresses. The abandoned orphan, whom the charity of his uncle and aunt had received when an innocent child, and formed into an irreproachable youth, had at last become a priest. Pepito (or little Joseph), as both the old folks called him, had just been ordained in Cadiz, and was coming to celebrate his first Mass in the Church of Our Lady of Carmel, of which his uncle was chaplain.

The latter was a Religious of the Order of St. Francis, who had been turned out of his convent like many others, at the dispersion of the religious orders of men. He was one of those whom the world, with a certain mixture of piety and contempt, calls good, simple souls (in Spanish they say, *Almas de Dios!*—God's souls), and who are in truth pure, humble souls whom God accepts for His own. For thirty years had he exercised his modest, but difficult functions, with that charitable zeal, that constancy, which is the fulfilment of all virtue, that silent abnegation that so few understand, and which is the distinctive character of the learned, the holy, the calumniated Spanish clergy.

Don Blas was not, however, a man of much learning: he knew no more Latin than his Missal, nor other prayers and Offices than those of his own Order, contained in his Breviary; but what peace of mind was his! what tranquillity of conscience! what immoveable equanimity of temper! His heart, like that of his Father St. Francis, whom he invoked at all hours, burnt with that immense charity that finds consolation for every sorrow, remedy for every misfortune, and, like the pelican, is capable of giving its own blood when it has nothing more to give! How sublime, and how attainable by all, was the philosophy of that poor old man, whose only knowledge was the love of God and his neighbour, and who epitomized the religion whose minister he was in these two words, "Our Father." And though there were some who laughed at the simple-hearted priest, there were none

who did not love and respect him : he possessed the humble superiority of virtue, which gently penetrates and persuades without intrusion, unlike the haughty superiority of talent which proudly imposes its opinions and ideas upon others, and, because it humbles them, excites their envy.

Don Blas had lived for several years alone, but one day there came to his door a poor woman carrying in her arms a baby, whose pretty face peeped out under its black hood, smiling, as innocence does at the misfortune it does not understand. That woman was Doña Mariquita, the chaplain's sister, and the infant was the child of a younger sister of both, who had just died and whose husband had disappeared. Don Blas opened his arms, his heart, and his slender purse to the sister and the child who sought his protection, and those two lives glided by under the shadow of his poor cassock ; that of the sister with the gentle tranquillity of declining day ; that of the child, with the boisterous joy of daybreak.

There existed, nevertheless, in that humble dwelling a strange mystery, that would at times paralyze the continual smile of Don Blas and silence the constant scolding of Doña Mariquita. The latter had received one morning a letter from Ceuta, addressed to her former abode, but which after much delay and many wanderings had at last reached its destination. Both brother and sister had shut themselves up in the little study to read this letter, and there they stayed for two whole hours. Don Blas came out pale and anxious, and did not laugh again for a week ; Doña Mariquita's eyes were red and swollen, and she forgot to scold for some days afterwards.

From that day, as Easter came round each year, Doña Mariquita made up in coarse cloth a few articles of men's clothing ; then she would break open a little money-box in which she had, by dint of many privations, saved a small sum, and with this she bought a few packets of cigarettes which she made into a parcel with the clothes. Don Blas would then get into the mail-cart with the said parcel and set out for Cadiz, his absence lasting from six to eight days. No one ever knew, however, what was the motive of his journey nor whom he went to see.

"But where is uncle going?" asked Pepito of Doña Mariquita, with the natural curiosity of a child.

His aunt looked at him with an expression of unutterable love and tenderness, but she replied with her accustomed

sharpness: "He's gone to count the friars, they say there's one missing!"

Once Pepito made the same inquiry of his uncle himself, when the good man turned upon him with a look of mingled horror, anguish, and affection, and then answered with unusual severity: "A silly, curious child is both disliked and despised."

Pepito, ashamed and frightened, hid his face in his aunt's skirts, and he never again ventured a question concerning that mysterious journey.

Doña Mariquita always looked out anxiously for her brother's return, going out into the road to receive him and questioning him by her looks.

"Nothing! nothing!" would answer Don Blas, with a disappointed air. "He is harder than a rock! . . . as the walls of Ceuta!" Doña Mariquita would begin to cry, and for some days again the one would cease his joyous laugh, and the other her scolding.

And thus the years rolled on until the orphan boy grew into manhood, without, however, losing his angelic innocence. Through the influence of his uncle he obtained a scholarship in the Seminary at Cadiz, where he gave evidence of no ordinary talent, being most assiduous at his studies and exemplary in his conduct.

On a certain occasion, public discussions on theological subjects were held in the Seminary by order of the Bishop, and Pepito was chosen to defend the theses *De Trinitate*. The joy of Don Blas at this news was unbounded, and he began without loss of time to prepare for his journey. "But how are you going to get there?" said Doña Mariquita, in dismay. "There isn't a shilling in the house to pay for the gig."

Don Blas burst into one of his hearty fits of laughter, and exclaimed: "Why how should a poor Mendicant Friar go except on his two legs—on the horse of his blessed Father St. Francis, that requires neither oats nor bridle?"

"What, on foot!" exclaimed Doña Mariquita. "On foot for four leagues, with seventy years on your shoulders!"

"Four leagues! Why I'd go four millions of them on my knees to hear the child of my heart, who will become another St. Thomas of Aquin. Mariquita!" he added solemnly, waving in one hand his large, old-fashioned hat, and in the other a brush with which he was trying in vain to smooth the beaver which was quite worn off; "Mariquita, remember what I say

to you ; I shall never see the day, for the grave-yard will soon claim me to fatten the crop of mallows ; but you are still young [Mariquita was then sixty-five] and you may see it. That boy of ours will one day win a mitre !”

“There must be at least five shillings in the money-box,” timidly observed Doña Mariquita.

“Hold your tongue, daughter, for goodness’ sake ! That money is sacred.”

Not for the Chair of St. Peter would Don Blas have exchanged the seat with which the Rector of the Seminary honoured him, on the same platform as the Lord Bishop. At one moment he was crying, at the next laughing ; all the emotions which can agitate the human heart were depicted in turns upon that simple, kind face, while he turned with an air of complete satisfaction from side to side as though saying to all the assembly, “Have you not discovered that that young man is *my nephew* ?”

When the declamation was over everybody surrounded the seminarist to congratulate him on his learning ; the Bishop addressed him in the most flattering terms, and placed in his hands a splendid copy of the *Summa* of St. Thomas Aquinas.

Don Blas elbowed his way through the crowd, saying, “Make way, gentlemen, that is my nephew.”

“My son, my son !” he cried, throwing his arms round the seminarist’s neck. “And my poor Mariquita that wasn’t here to hear thee ! But wait a bit till I can tell her all about it.” And the old man wept with joy like a child. All at once he grew serious, however, for it had crossed his mind that so much triumph might elate the humble youth, so he added, placing one hand on Pepito’s head, and the other on his own : “Very good, my son ! thou hast spoken like a book ! But keep in mind, *Pepito mio*, that both thy head and this old crown of mine must become food for the worms !”

And then he cried again, and directly after began to laugh and embraced his nephew anew.

Don Blas returned to his home in a carriage that the Rector of the Seminary obliged him to accept, taking with him two copies of the Latin theses which his nephew had defended. On the road he read them out to the driver, who naturally was no wiser than before.

He had scarcely entered the house when he gave one to

Doña Mariquita, the other he had framed and placed over the chimney in his little study.

"If you had only heard him, Mariquita! he exclaimed, while eating his supper of garlic soup; "it is impossible to describe it all, such things must be seen and heard. By my blessed Father St. Francis! What learning and confidence! Our Pepito is scarcely twenty, and he already knows by heart Suarez and St. Thomas. What eloquence, what ready answers, and what Latin, Mariquita, what Latin! If I hadn't heard it myself I couldn't have believed it!"

"There isn't another like him!" said Doña Mariquita, with tears in her eyes. "When God created him His Divine Majesty destroyed the mould so that there should be none to equal him in the world!"

"All the gentry of Cadiz were there ready to kiss his hands like one does a relic, and he as humble as my Father St. Francis, never lifting his eyes from the ground; bless him! He is an angel, Mariquita."

"A saint, Blas!"

"Not quite, for when they raised objections to what he was saying, the lad was sharp enough in refuting them; it was no more to him than scaring flies! There was an old lame fellow there as peppery as possible, who kept contradicting and denying everything."

"Denying and contradicting him!" exclaimed the old woman in amazement. "It must have been some rascal of a Jew!"

"Oh no! it was a Canon."

"Well, he was jealous of our boy, no doubt."

"No, no, my dear! It was done in fun as it were, to see whether Pepito was firm in his stirrups."

"But of course my boy always had the best of him."

"To be sure he did! Who could ever upset him, with such keen judgment as he has, and with such clear truths as he was defending? Mariquita, remember my words: as soon as he has sung his first Mass they'll make him parish priest."

"Oh, a Canon at least!" answered Doña Mariquita.

Don Blas burst into one of his hearty fits of laughter. "Well, at that rate you will make a Bishop of him by Holy Week, and at Christmas a Cardinal, or even Pope!" and the good-natured old man laughed again at his little joke.

"Ah! if his poor mother could lift up her head and see him now!" said Mariquita sadly.

The joyous laugh died away at once on her brother's lips. He raised his eyes to the ceiling with a loud sigh, then bowing his head, exclaimed, "Poor, dear Anna, how I loved her!" and recited an Our Father.

"*Requiescat in pace,*" he added, as he finished.

"*Amen,*" answered Doña Mariquita, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron.

No sooner had the latter reached the narrow closet where she slept, than she read from beginning to end, by the light of a tiny lamp, the six theses defended by her nephew.

"Not a word do I understand," she said, "but it must be something good since it is about the Blessed Trinity, and Pepito has composed it, and the Bishop approved of it."

So the good old woman learnt the whole by heart, and every night at the end of her long list of prayers she recited it devoutly, adding, with that blessed faith of the poor in spirit to whom Christ has promised the Kingdom of Heaven: "For my boy Pepito, that the Lord may send him health and good luck, and may deliver him from sin."

II.

Pepito was expected to arrive from one moment to another, and the immense joy of the two old people manifested itself according to their different characters. Don Blas cried and laughed as was his wont, now walking up and down his modest little study, repeating the sermon he was to preach at his nephew's first Mass, then importuning Doña Mariquita with continual questions, prompted sometimes by the excess of his joy, at other times by his eagerness, but always by his constant good temper and unalterable serenity of mind.

Doña Mariquita was bustling about in the kitchen in the midst of a very arsenal of saucepans and frying-pans, pipkins and pans, which contained the Baltassar's feast she was preparing for the morrow; and she was grumbling more than ever she did, for her scolding always increased in proportion to her activity and joy; they were like a rough, prickly covering which hid the tender sentiments of her soul.

"Mariquita!" called out Don Blas for the hundredth time from his study.

"I'm here at your orders!" replied the former from the kitchen.

"I'll be bound that with such grand preparations for

to-morrow's dinner you have forgotten to get any supper for Pepito to-night."

"And I'll be bound the same thing will happen to you as happened to the overseer of Almagro," answered Doña Mariquita in the same tone.

"Well, and what happened to him?"

"Why, from constantly meddling with what didn't concern him, he died one day of vexation because his neighbour's stew got burnt."

Don Blas burst out laughing. "It wasn't for that, woman," he observed jokingly, "it was because the tailor made his waistcoat too short."

"Call it what you like, and don't keep interfering with other people's business."

"Well, well, I'll hold my tongue. Don't put yourself out for goodness' sake! I only mentioned it for fear the boy should be hungry."

"Let him gnaw his elbows then."

"*Ave, Maria Purissima!* One would think you had been fed on wasp's milk."

"And you on meddler's syrup."

Don Blas was silenced as usual, and Doña Mariquita went on singeing a fowl she had plucked.

"Mariquita!" called Don Blas once more, but rather timidly.

"What again!" grumbled the old woman, as she struggled with elbows wide apart to truss the refractory fowl.

"Pepito is very fond of stewed rabbit and potatoes."

"And I like potatoes with stewed rabbit."

"I just mentioned it because he'll have to stay so long fasting to-morrow, and that is a dish that can be cooked quickly."

"Anything more I wonder! what a fuss the man is making about the boy's supper, to be sure! Don't worry yourself, we won't let him go to bed hungry."

"All right, my dear soul, just forget that I said anything about the matter."

But a little while afterwards Don Blas came into the kitchen with the notes of his sermon in his hand. "Do you know what I have been thinking of?" he said. "As Pepito will come home very tired you might put my wool mattress on his bed, I can do very well with the palliase."

"Do you know what has just occurred to me?" answered Doña Mariquita impatiently. "With so much chattering you'll bring the belfry down on your head and we shall have no sermon to-morrow. So just let me alone, for no one is going to pay any attention to you!"

She took good care not to add that her own wool mattress was already placed in Pepito's bed, and that she consequently would have to sleep on the bare boards.

The chaplain went back to his study, crestfallen, and murmuring: "Why ever did they christen her Mariquita *de la Paz*. Peaceful indeed! It ought to have been Mariquita *de la Guerra*! there's more of war than peace in her!"

"And why didn't they call that man Don Posma instead of Don Blas?" replied the old woman sharply, beginning the difficult and intricate task of stuffing a chicken.

Ten minutes had hardly elapsed when her brother again appeared in the kitchen. "Mariquita," he said, in trembling tones.

"What in the world do you want with my name to-night," exclaimed the latter, more impatient than ever.

"Mariquita, listen to me, for heaven's sake!" continued the chaplain, in anguish. "I have just had an inspiration, which no doubt comes from Heaven. God and my blessed Father St. Francis must have sent it me."

Doña Mariquita raised her head in astonishment, and seeing the agitation of her brother, she approached him with her hands full of stuffing, and with uplifted eyebrows and open mouth.

"A minute ago," continued Don Blas, "I was standing there before the picture of my blessed Father when it came into my head all at once, without knowing why, that if Pepito were to ask to-morrow in his first Mass what you and I have been asking in vain for the last eighteen years, the Lord would surely grant it him. Yes, surely, for His Divine Majesty never refuses the grace or the favour which a new priest asks in his first Mass. That is certain, certain, certain. The Father Superior of my convent told me so."

"And whoever could have the courage to stab him to the heart in that way?" exclaimed Doña Mariquita in terror.

"I will tell him to offer his Mass for my intention, which will be that, of course, and there is no need of more."

"And if he should suspect anything? Ah! *Maria Santissima*, Blas! it would be killing him!"

"God will help me, woman! My Father St. Francis will guide me."

Doña Mariquita was going to reply, but the joyous sound of a horse's bells and carriage wheels reached her ears, and in a moment the two old folks ran to the doorsteps, crying:

"Here he is at last! son of my soul! child of my heart! (*hijo de mi alma!*)"

A young priest was already hurrying up, and opening his arms to both pressed the two white heads to his heart, the three shedding tears of joy. Don Blas was the first to fall at the feet of the new-comer.

"On your knees, Mariquita, on your knees," he cried. "My son, my son, thy blessing, thy first blessing for thy poor old uncle and aunt!"

And the anointed hands of the newly-ordained priest were raised for the first time to Heaven, to draw down upon those two venerable heads the blessing of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Pepito then took out of his pocket a white ribbon cut in two pieces, and carefully wrapped in paper.

"Here is the ribbon with which my hands were tied at my ordination," he said, presenting it to Don Blas; "one half is for you, and the other for my aunt."

"The Lord reward you, my son, the Lord reward you; I'll keep it as a relic as long as I live, and when I'm dead they shall tie my hands with it."

Doña Mariquita had taken her piece, and, with many tears, kissed it, but without saying a word.

Two hours later, Don Blas came out of his nephew's room, and went on tiptoe to that of his sister. The latter was waiting for him at the door.

"What did he say?" she inquired, anxiously.

"That he would do as I asked."

"And he suspects nothing?"

"Nothing! The dear, innocent boy is sure that his parents are dead. Poor gentle dove born of a cruel wolf! My heart was breaking as I listened to him, Mariquita! He told me that he had intended offering his first Mass for the repose of the souls of his parents! His parents! that saint, his mother, has already received the palm of martyrdom in Heaven! but *he*, her executioner, if he resists the grace of his son's first Mass, he is certain to die impenitent, certain!"

III.

The day of the feast dawned at last, clear and beautiful, as though the night enveloped in her black mantle—night, which hides so many miseries, so many fears, so many crimes—had carried off under its dark folds the terrible storm of the preceding evening. There then drew up to the pier of the town an open boat much damaged by the storm, which had gone astray on its way from Ceuta to Lisbon. The crew landed with the intention of visiting the first sanctuary of our Lady they should meet with; for they had made the vow to the heavenly Patroness of mariners in those moments of terrible danger which re-kindled faith by the light of hope. An old man was among the crew who had not the appearance of a sailor; his head was tied up in a red handkerchief, over which was a rabbit-skin cap, adding to his grim countenance a still more repulsive look. He wore a rough, worn jacket and trousers of coarse cloth, with yellow stripes, and in his gait was observable the peculiar limp which marks, those unfortunate beings who have long worn shackles (or fetters). He seemed exceedingly tired, and among his dishevelled hair and grey beard fresh clots of blood were distinctly visible.

The group of sailors, led by a crowd of boys who had gathered round the extraordinary spectacle, soon reached the Church of Our Lady of Carmel, which was the nearest to the wharf. Don Blas was just coming down from the pulpit after preaching his sermon, broken by many tears and sighs which had found an echo more than once in the numerous audience who listened to him. Doña Mariquita was there in the front row, dressed in a black silk gown that was only worn on Holy Thursday and Easter Sunday, and a lace mantilla with foundation of satin and velvet, which never left the depths of her trunk but on those two days.

The celebrant had turned to the altar after intoning the *Credo*; he was assisted on one side by his uncle, and on the other by the curate. All else, however, had vanished from the vision of the new priest; he felt the moment drawing near when his Divine Saviour was coming for the first time into his hands, and he was seized with that holy dread and awe which make the very Cherubim veil their faces with their wings. He bent his head over the altar-stone which encloses the relics of martyrs, praying for the Church which is the

guardian of the Faith, for the Pope her Head, and for the King who should be her defender. Then joining his hands and closing his eyes, he remained for some moments motionless; the new priest was about to beg for the grace of his first Mass. The moment had arrived to present before the Divine mercy-seat that mysterious petition that had been the object of the supplications of the aged couple for eighteen years. Don Blas bowed his head, and crossed his hands, Doña Mariquita hid her face in hers; both of them almost held their breath, as though fearing to intercept the flight of that prayer from which they hoped such great things.

The celebrant at last unclasped his hands, and continued those beautiful prayers by which the Church, in her supplications, seems to extend a mantle of love and pity over all her children, both living and dead. A confused noise was heard for a moment at the bottom of the church; the crew of the half-wrecked boat were kneeling there, and the old man in the patched jacket had given a loud groan, as lifting his hands to his head he had fallen senseless to the ground. Four of his companions immediately raised him up, and guided by some men of the town, they carried him to the hospital, without even arousing the attention of the greater part of the congregation.

The Mass was followed by the kissing of hands, after which the young priest made his thanksgiving; then came the congratulations, and two hours later Don Blas was sitting at his modest table, having his nephew on his left, and the curate on his right, the other places being occupied by the director of the hospital, and three more ecclesiastics. Doña Mariquita, assisted by a poor widow—a recipient of her charity—prepared the dishes in the kitchen, and served them herself at table, for had she not spent on that meal all her culinary knowledge and her scanty savings? Don Blas, merry and jocose as ever, kept up the good humour of his guests, and fancied he did the honours of his table very meanly, unless he risked giving them indigestion by repeatedly importuning them to partake twice of every dish. The time for dessert had arrived, and Doña Mariquita placed in the centre of the table, with an air of indescribable satisfaction, the present made to the new priest by the Superioress of the hospital. It was a white lamb, nearly as large as life, made of almond paste; its head was resting on a little mound of sugared almonds, the eyes,

nose, feet, and the tip of the tail were dyed with chocolate, and it enclosed within its body a quantity of preserved fruit ; the fore-feet sustained a chalice made of barley-sugar, and in the midst of clouds of whipped cream rose an imitation of the Sacred Host in sugar, and, crowning all, there was a little red satin banner embroidered with this inscription in spangles : *Ecce Agnus Dei ; ecce qui tollit peccata mundi.*

Every one laughed gaily at the Superioress's allegory ; the curate took down the banner and gave it to the young priest, proposing a toast in honour of the good religious.

All of a sudden one of the hospital servants came hurriedly in, in search of the chaplain, and to inform him that a poor dying man was asking for a confessor. Don Blas rose, laying his half-empty glass on the table, with that haste, that holy eagerness, with which the zealous priest leaves all that concerns himself to go after the souls belonging to Christ. His nephew, however, detained him.

"Let me go, uncle," he said. "The Bishop has already given me faculties ; so I can confess him. Let me begin to-day to pay back something at least of all that I owe you."

Don Blas seemed to hesitate for a moment, but the curate also urged him to remain, so the good old man sat down again, exclaiming in tones that brought tears to the eyes of all present :

"Go, my son ! Go, and learn henceforth to be the servant of the souls redeemed by Jesus Christ."

The young priest reached the hospital by a passage that communicated with the chaplain's house. Stretched on a straw bed in one of the lower rooms was the old man who had fainted in the church. He had a large wound in his head, caused by a blow from a broken spar during the storm, a splinter of which had remained fixed in the wound ; the second blow that he had received on falling exhausted with fatigue in the church, had driven the splinter almost into the brain, and the doctor on extracting it had declared that, whether he came to his senses or not, he had but a few hours to live. The wounded man had at last recovered speech, and his first words were to ask for a confessor. Pepito held back for a moment, awestruck at that horrible sight, and a nervous shudder ran through his whole body. The gentle, timid youth had never seen flowing blood, neither had he yet sounded the deep folds of a human conscience ; for the first time he beheld a death-wound welling forth fresh blood ; and for the first time,

too, he saw reflected in those gloomy, troubled eyes those other wounds of the soul cancered by remorse. The dying man kept looking anxiously towards the door, and no sooner did he perceive the priest than he murmured in a hoarse and broken voice, rendered almost inaudible by the death-rattle, and which the anguish of a sinful conscience made the more fearful :

"Father! my sins are terrible!"

"The mercy of God is infinite, my brother!" exclaimed the young priest, in a tone that came from the depths of his soul.

The contrite tears began to flow freely from the eyes of the dying man, while with his failing strength he strove in vain to strike his breast. The priest bent over him, speaking words of hope and comfort, and, passing his arm under his back, raised him almost in a sitting posture; that dishevelled and blood-stained head which looked as if it had escaped from the gibbet, leaned upon the breast of the priest, the living temple of Christ. For a whole hour did that confession last, frequently interrupted by sobs, at times rendered unintelligible by the death-rattle, but the sincerity of which was manifested by those abundant tears of repentance. The priest raised at length his right hand, and, without ceasing to support the wounded man with his left, he pronounced for the first time the sacred words of absolution that wipe out sin from the soul. The dying man then gave a loud sigh of relief, and remained for some minutes motionless. All at once he became agitated, murmured some unintelligible words, opened his eyes and mouth horribly wide, and with a violent jerk his head fell forward, leaving on the cassock and white collar of the priest a deep stain of blood.

The youth understood that he was dead, and let him fall gently on that poor couch; he afterwards closed those eyes that could see no longer, and, kneeling at the head of the bed, prayed for some time. At last he rose and went towards the door, but, obeying an instinctive impulse of his heart that he could not explain to himself, he turned back, and, taking up the dirty, horny hands of the corpse, he kissed them first, and then crossed them on the breast.

When he came out it was already night; a Sister of Charity was waiting for him at the door.

"How is the wounded man?" she asked.

"He has died in the best dispositions," replied the priest.

"Blessed be God!" returned the Sister; and giving him a folded paper, she added: "Please have the kindness to give this to Don Blas. It is the unfortunate man's passport, the only document he brought with him, and in it the chaplain will find his name to insert in the register. He entered the hospital to-day at eleven o'clock, and he will be buried to-morrow morning."

The young man took the paper without looking at it, and returned to the house profoundly moved by the scene he had witnessed, going at once to his uncle's study. The latter was seated at his desk, reciting Matins for the following day; and his nephew, to avoid disturbing him, for he knew how much he disliked being interrupted in his Office, gave him the Sister's message very briefly, adding, however, that the wounded man had died perfectly contrite, and went out of the room leaving the folded paper on the table.

"Very good, my son, very good. The Lord has granted thee beautiful first-fruits," had been the old man's only comment.

Don Blas continued his Office leisurely, and as he finished it, closed his enormous leather-bound breviary; then he took up the register which, as the hospital was small and but little frequented, he kept himself, and opened it in order to write therein the name of the deceased. Unfolding the grimy document, he approached the lamp to read it.

"*Virgen Santisima!*" he exclaimed, letting it fall in terror, and lifting both hands to his head. For a long while he remained motionless, with bleached lips, and eyes almost starting out of their sockets, murmuring in accents so low as to be hardly audible:

"Mother of Mercy! My blessed Father St. Francis!"

At last he took up the dirty paper, worn and torn by the repeated foldings, and read over and over again the few short lines it contained. It was an ordinary passport, issued in favour of one José Luis Lopez y Garcia, by an extraordinary amnesty free on ticket of leave from the prison of Ceuta.

Don Blas got up, and went tottering to the door, turning the key in the lock; then he sat down again, and remained more than an hour without moving, his gaze rivetted on the name that had shaken every fibre that could vibrate in the old man's heart. For the said José Luis Lopez was the father of Pepito; he was the vicious wretch who had murdered his wife,

and abandoned his child, to enter on a career of sin and crime; the criminal who, brought at last to justice, had been condemned to penal servitude for life in the prison of Ceuta; the enemy whom the heroic old priest had visited every year, in order to bring him the little temporal comforts which the shameless gambler readily accepted, and to offer that spiritual succour which the hardened criminal had ever refused. This was the sinner for whose conversion the aged brother and sister had constantly prayed during eighteen years; here was the secret which they had hidden in their bosoms, like a burning coal that tormented them, but which they had never allowed to escape, in order to save the honour of the innocent son.

And now, the old man recognizes the hand of Providence suddenly unravelling all difficulties, and granting their petitions. An unexpected pardon had opened for the criminal the doors of that prison which was to have been his tomb; a storm at sea had cast him upon that shore; a providential wound had brought him to the gates of death, and by a supreme touch of Divine grace he had at last deposited his sins in the bosom of his own son, and received absolution from those immaculate hands!

Don Blas trembled from head to foot. The innocent son had never dreamt that the murderer for whom he had opened the gates of Heaven was his own father, and he, Don Blas, the guardian-angel of his honour, held there the only proof of the fatal secret; yes, there it was in his hands, and in one moment he could make it disappear for ever. The old man did not hesitate: he closed the hospital register violently, without having inserted the name of José Luis Lopez, and put it back into its place.

"The grace of his first Mass! The intercession of my blessed Father St. Francis!" he kept murmuring.

Then he took the document and burnt it at the flame of the lamp, and blew away the ashes at a breath. As he did this, the feverish strength which had upheld him vanished, and the feeble old man sank upon his knees exclaiming in accents weak and low: "*Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine!*"

The soul of the criminal father was saved, and the good name of the innocent son was secured. The grace of his first Mass had been granted.

Reviews.

I. BLESSED JOHN FISHER ON THE PENITENTIAL PSALMS.¹

THERE is a quaint simplicity about the spiritual writers of the sixteenth century, that we look for in vain in modern books. Great truths are stated in a way that impresses us, we know not why. There is something solid and weighty in the manner as well as in the matter that is presented to us. In the present day we seem to have become more artificial. The same truths put forth apparently in the same way are commonplaces, perhaps we may even say that they seem commonplace and ordinary, harmless but ineffective. We should do well to learn something of the antique simplicity and force of such a book as Parsons' *Christian Directory*, just as in our music we should do well to introduce more of the classic melodies of the school of Palestrina. Perhaps we may learn the secret in time, especially as some of the best sermons and books of devotion of the times of the Reformation are being reprinted in the present day.

One of these, which has been long neglected, and which is indeed worthy to become a recognized classic of English sermon literature, is the *Sermons on the Seven Penitential Psalms by Blessed John Fisher*. These sermons are beautiful and touching, practical and full of illustration and anecdote. They are, moreover, pithy and replete with suggestive thoughts. They have the charm of that simple, unaffected style, which is of the essence of effective sermons. The fact that they are writ by one who has been raised to the altars of the Church, is of itself a sufficient guarantee of their soundness of doctrine and solid piety. They are, moreover, very interesting reading, and the way in which the golden thread of Scripture is woven into every page and every paragraph, shows the thorough knowledge possessed by the writer of the Word of God, and the careful study he must have devoted to it. We recognize, moreover, as we read that it must

¹ *Sermons on the Seven Penitential Psalms*. By Blessed John Fisher, Cardinal, Bishop of Rochester. London: Burns and Oates, Limited, 1888.

also have been a golden thread, running through his daily life, for none could write as the holy Cardinal writes, unless he had practised what he preaches.

But our best panegyric of these discourses will be one or two examples. We will take one from the Sermon on the Fifth Penitential Psalm (Psalm ci.). The preacher is explaining the verse "I am become like to a pelican of the wilderness."

The pelican, as St. Jerome writeth, in an epistle unto a certain deacon called Presidius, hath this quality: when she findeth her young ones slain and destroyed by a serpent, she mourneth, she lamenteth, and striketh her beak into her sides, that by the effusion and shedding of her blood her dead birds may be revived. Truly, they that are very contrite have a near resemblance to this bird; for when they search their conscience, and find their children—that is to say, their good works—slain and destroyed by the serpent deadly sin, then they mourn and lament sorely, they smite themselves upon the breast with the beak of bitter sorrow that the corrupt blood of sin may flow out.

Truly, as soon as we commit deadly sin all our former good deeds are destroyed, and are made of no effect. Holy St. Jerome afflicted himself in this manner in the wilderness, and fearing that his penance was not sharp enough, he smote his breast with a hard flint stone. And what else meant the publican, who, as soon as he entered into the Temple, remembering the greatness of his sin, did smite himself upon the breast, but that the corrupt blood of sin might be cleared away from his soul? (pp. 216, 217.)

We are all familiar with the pelican as the symbol of Him who, being made sin for us, shed His Precious Blood to restore life to our souls, but the adaptation of the simile given by the Cardinal, is striking and most expressive. The college he founded at Oxford still bears as its crest the pelican feeding its young with its own blood, and we can picture its holy founder, as he gazed upon the sacred emblem, reminded not only of its primary signification—

Pie Pelicane, Jesu Domine
Nos immundos munda tuo sanguine,

but also applying it to himself in the meaning that he brings out in the words we have quoted.

The following extract from the same sermon seems to contain a presentiment of the impending storm, a storm, however, which hastened the holy Martyr's arrival at the quiet haven of which he speaks.

When a ship is sailing on the sea, against wind and tide, it can make but slow progress. So, without doubt, when the Church Militant shall be directed by Almighty God in the way of virtue, if there cometh suddenly against her a great tempest of temptation, and many storms of trouble, her progress will be mightily hindered and obstructed. For this reason, the Church, having foreknowledge from our Saviour Christ of the tribulations to come, and also that prayer is the only remedy for the same, beseecheth God that her course may not be stopped, nor hindered, nor driven back again in the midst of her journey by those tribulations, saying, "Call me not away in the midst of my days." "Blessed Lord," saith our holy Mother the Church, "suffer me not, by these tribulations; to be called back again in the midst of my journey, in the midst of my days." There are so many perils and jeopardies upon the sea, that whoever shall sail over it must needs be desirous to come to a haven—namely, to that haven where there is rest and tranquillity without peril. So is it in the great sea of this world; for in it are so many storms and dangerous blasts of temptations on every side, that since the port we are going to is so secure, no wonder that the Church Militant desires and makes haste to come unto it, and that it is grievous to the said Church if at any time its passage into that quiet haven be obstructed. (pp. 276, 277.)

We observe in these sermons what is one of the characteristic marks of every good sermon, a unity of idea running through the whole of each of them. They are not *expositions* of the Seven Penitential Psalms, but genuine sermons, sermons too, which often apply the words of the Psalm in rather an unexpected way. For instance, the Prophet Jonas is the text of the sermon on the Sixth Penitential Psalm, and the various stages in the history of Jonas are explained as the various degrees of sin, all except the last, viz., despair, which Jonas happily avoided by his timely cry for mercy. The fourth degree is a good illustration of the various points we have noticed as characteristic of these discourses.

The fourth degree in the fall of a sinner is the habit of sin. The more the sinner accustometh himself to sin the deeper and more grievous is his descent towards the pit of Hell, although he perceive it not, for by little and little he sinketh into the filthy pleasure of it. Even as a horse, the softer the mire or clay is wherein he weltereth himself, the more easily he lieth down and imprinteth his form upon it; but when he trieth to rise again, the softness of the clay, yielding to his weight, can afford him no facility in rising. The custom of Nature is much the same; for naturally we must use meat and drink in hunger and thirst, and so in everything which is customary to us.

This fourth degree is more grievous in the sight of God than is one single offence, or the committing of a sin but once. Peradventure one

offence, trespass, or fall may be excused, because a man of himself is so frail; for it is said: "It is a human thing to fall into sin, but to lie long and continue in sin is diabolical." When the devil hath enticed any person into this point of continuance he hath then brought him into a sad and sound sleep, from which he can scarce be awakened by any calling or noise.

This degree of the sinner's fall is represented by the fourth act of Jonas, who, although he perceived a great tempest coming, yet would not return to land, but "went down into the inner part of the ship, and there slept soundly." Of his so doing the Scripture speaketh, saying, "Jonas descended into the inner part of the ship, and there slept soundly." So after the sinner has contracted the habit of sin he goeth down, and in a manner sleepeth in it. (pp. 292, 293.)

Father Kenelm Vaughan has edited these sermons with care and judgment. He has done good service to all who desire to honour the blessed Martyr and profit their own souls by the perusal of a book which contains a treasure of spiritual exhortation.

2.—ELEMENTS OF ECCLESIASTICAL LAW.¹

From the Preface of the volume before us we learn that the Rev. Dr. Smith has by its publication completed his series of works entitled *Elements of Ecclesiastical Law*. His first volume was published in 1877, his second in 1882, and now his third and last has appeared in 1888. They are the fruit, he tells us, of "fifteen years of ceaseless toil and unwearied study." Other works on Canon Law have proceeded from this writer's learned pen, but these three volumes of his *Elements* are his most important publications, and they will make all Bishops and officials of Ecclesiastical Courts in English-speaking countries his debtors. New Instructions and Laws are issued by the Apostolic See from time to time, and for different localities, and the chief value of Dr. Smith's labours consists in this; that he has worked up the recent discipline of the Church for America, England, and Ireland, with the doctrines of the great Canonists of other times and countries. Dr. Smith could not well have devoted the toil of fifteen years of his priestly life to work that will be more useful. Law must be studied, if it is to be efficacious, and the discipline of the Church depends on the

¹ *Elements of Ecclesiastical Law*. By the Rev. S. B. Smith, D.D. Vol. III. *Ecclesiastical Punishments*. New York: Benziger Brothers, 1888.

efficaciousness of her Law. When that Law is obscure or ill-understood, it may be said to be in abeyance, and neither the Superior whose duty it is to see it carried out, nor the subject who is bound by it, will be much impressed by what is inadequately known. If the study of it be left to the moment when it should be called into practice, there will be hesitation and inaccuracy; and *Ecclesiastical Trials* and *Ecclesiastical Punishments*, on which Dr. Smith's last volumes treat, are necessarily to be regarded as of strict interpretation and requiring therefore in the fullest degree exactness and precision. In the multitude of duties that fall to the lot of the Bishops of missionary countries, time must fail them to master the vast variety of legal detail in a Code as ancient and as modern as Canon Law; and the officials of Ecclesiastical Courts in English-speaking countries must, from the novelty of their functions, be feeling their way to their proper course of procedure. Dr. Smith comes to their assistance in his carefully compiled volumes; and not in America only, but, we are sure, in England, Ireland, and the Colonies, the hard-working and hard-worked Prelates, in whose hands the discipline of the Church is vested, will be grateful to him for the help he affords them in this laborious and little studied sphere of knowledge. When a fresh necessity arises, the Church finds men in due season who devote themselves to meet it, in the spirit of the householder who brings forth from his treasures things new and old.

3.—AT THE GATES OF THE SANCTUARY.¹

Dom Presinger was a Benedictine monk who lived in the earlier half of the last century. He was educated by the Benedictine Fathers in his native Province of Upper Styria and passed straight from school to the cloister in the renowned Abbey at Salzburg. His life seems to have been spent exclusively within the walls of his monastery, where, at the early age of twenty-five, he was made Master of Novices, and after nine years was elected to the office of Cloistral Prior, which he held till his death. During all this time it was his earnest endeavour to perfect himself in the practice of his Rule, and the success of his

¹ *At the Gates of the Sanctuary; or, the Postulant and the Novice.* By Dom Rupert Presinger, O.S.B. Translated by the Very Rev. Francis Cuthbert Doyle, O.S.B., Canon of Newport and Menevia.

endeavour was recognized by the admiration and veneration of his brethren. Especially they noticed in him the combination of an austere self-discipline "with a sweetness of manner, a kind, courteous mode of address, a sympathetic, winning tone of voice, which drew to him the confidence and love of those who came to seek a home in the cloister." It was natural that one called to train others to the religious life, and who had acquired much experience in the task, should have felt called to write some spiritual treatises for those under his care. Three little works of this character, of which he was the author, are now translated by a member of his Order and presented to the English reader.

Of the three component elements, the first is entitled, *The Postulant*, and contains directions for those who have determined to embrace the Benedictine life but are compelled for one cause or another to remain for awhile in the world. They are taught how to sanctify the interval by preserving and perfecting the good intention with which they have been inspired. In the second part follows meditations for an eight days' retreat, to be made on first entering the monastery; while the third contains instructions for the time of the Novitiate. The topics handled are not of a character which invites criticism, and it is sufficient to bear witness to the pleasing impression which we have derived from the perusal of the little book. *Quies Benedictina* is the reflection which spontaneously suggests itself to the mind as one reads—a tranquil life hidden with Christ in God. The spirituality is simple, solid, and natural. There is nothing forced or unreal about it. The method of presentation too is fresh and taking. It should be a valuable companion to those for whom it is intended. These are of course, primarily, those who are commencing, or, aspire to commence, life as children of St. Benedict. But Canon Doyle counts on its being useful also to candidates of other Orders, and we may add that the first part might be found useful even to those who desire to lead a devout life in the world.

4.—AN EXPOSITION OF THE EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL.¹

Among the various wants of Catholic literature that of a Commentary on Holy Scripture in English is one of the most

¹ *An Exposition of the Epistles of St. Paul.* By Bernardine a Piconio. Translated and edited from the original Latin by A. H. Prichard, B.A. Vol. I. (Epistle to the Romans and 1 Cor.) London: John Hodges, 1888.

urgent. Most educated Catholics feel the want of it. People now-a-days must inquire for themselves. When their Protestant neighbours urge against them one of the many texts that can always be quoted for their purpose, they want to be able to take down from their bookshelves some Commentary in which they may be able to find the true meaning clearly given. It is not always possible for them to consult a theologian. They want the explanation then and there. If they understand Latin, they have Cornelius à Lapide to refer to, but it is not easy, even for one familiar with Latin and with the author's style, to gather from his learned compilation the solution of ordinary Protestant objections, and still less can they find in his pages an answer to the difficulties raised by modern critics of the Tübingen and other schools. In this respect Protestants are altogether in advance of us. The *Speaker's Commentary* is excellent as regards manner and method.

As a step in the right direction we welcome the first volume of a translation, or rather of an adaptation of Piconius, whose exposition of the Epistles of St. Paul is a standard and trustworthy work. Piconius, or to speak more accurately, Bernardinus a Piconio, for he derives his name from *Piconium* or Picquigny in Picardy, was a Capuchin, who lived towards the end of the seventeenth century. He had been Professor of Theology in one of the houses of the Order, and in his old age, when his teaching-days were over, betook himself to the congenial task of writing a tripartite commentary on the Epistles of St. Paul and on the Gospels. He executed his work with so much sound judgment, such a thorough knowledge of his subject, and withal with such simplicity and unction, that it has earned the place of a standard text-book for all future time. The opinion given of it by one of the theologians appointed to examine the work, is not at all excessive in the praise it bestows in saying, "Our author enters as it were into the very secret sanctuary of the heart of the Apostle, and fills his pages with many a sweet affection of charity and devotion, and thus he gently inflames and kindles the goodwill of the pious reader with the warmth of Divine love." The work consists of three parts—an analysis at the beginning of each chapter, a paragraph side by side with the text, and explanatory notes at the foot of the page, combining an enlargement of the paraphrase with critical remarks, &c. At the end of each paragraph is added what the author calls an *observatio moralis*, practical

lessons to be learnt, and at the end of each chapter a *corollarium pietatis*, considerations of devotion to be deduced from.

In the translation the paraphrase and notes are condensed into one, and a good part of the notes omitted. We wish that the original had been kept to more closely. The explanation of the important verse respecting the Blessed Trinity (Rom. xi. 36) is omitted altogether, while after verse 32 a paragraph is inserted in brackets, with a quotation from a Protestant commentator, of which there is no trace in the original. The translator has said that "some compression was unavoidable," but he has gone far beyond necessary condensation, and has often lost the point and force of the original. If the reader will turn to the *Corollarium Pietatis* of the original at the end of chapter vi. and will compare it with Mr. Prichard's version of it, he will see what we mean. In fact, the English version is rather a commentary founded on that of Piconius than a translation of it. It is necessary to say this out of justice to Piconius. It would not be fair to him that omissions made in the translation should be attributed to the original. At the same time we quite appreciate the difficulty of the task that Mr. Prichard had to perform. To select from and to condense a commentary on Scripture is the work of a theologian. We are very glad that so valuable a book should be introduced to the English reader, and we admire the energy and courage of a publisher who brings out standard Catholic works under circumstances of no little difficulty, and we wish him all success in carrying out his enterprise.

5.—A FLOWER OF CARMEL.¹

The interest excited by the extracts from the journal and correspondence of Xavérine de Maistre, in the memoir written some time back by Mgr. Gay, has led to the compilation and publication of the two volumes before us. They contain a large number of her letters and other writings, and will meet with appreciation not only from those whom the perusal of the Life, to which they form a supplement, has already made acquainted in some measure with the graces and virtues that adorned this chosen soul, but also to many pious persons both in the cloister and the world, who are for the first time brought within

¹ *Xavérine de Maistre, Mère Thérèse de Jésus, Carmélite.* Lettres et Opuscules. Par le R. P. Mercier. 2 vols. Poitiers : Typographie Paul Oudin, 1888.

range of the influence which even after her death she still continues to exercise.

Apart from the literary merit of these writings, the excellence of style, the beauty of diction, an heirloom perhaps in the family of the writer, they charm on account of the eloquence of a higher order that they possess, revealing as they do the purifying work of Divine grace in detaching and elevating the heart which only aspires to suffer and to love until its spiritual transformation and final union with God is fully effected.

Xavérine de Maistre was a typical daughter of St. Teresa. In fact every page that she writes, every line, one may say, of every page, exhales the perfume of Carmel, greeting us like a breeze from the mountain-top, laden with the subtle fragrance of the aromatic shrubs and scented herbs which grow and flourish on those lonely and rigorous heights. For the benefit of all who have not read the longer *Life*, Father Mercier gives at the commencement a short and most interesting biographical sketch; this forms an introduction and guide to the letters which, written both before and after her entrance into the Carmelite Convent at Poitiers, constitute, together with the notes of a retreat and some instructions delivered to the nuns, the bulk of the first volume. The second volume consists mainly of extracts from her journal, notes, and fragments arranged under the title of "*Ten years of a Soul's History*;" in these are mirrored the progress of her spiritual life, the trials by which she was chastened and purified, the supernatural gifts bestowed on her, the celestial consolations which supported her amid the sufferings of a life of immolation, of death to self, the vivid light by which her intelligence was illuminated, and she was enabled to contemplate and comprehend the mysteries of religion. The record of her exterior life is uneventful and unimportant, for *all the glory of the King's daughter is within*. Her childhood was passed pleasantly amid the endearments of a happy family circle, under the care of pious and cultivated parents; the voice of God, calling her to a life of greater perfection, early made itself heard, and the willing response of her heart in answer to this call effectually prevented the allurements of the world from obtaining any hold of her. When about eighteen years of age, she was thrown from a carriage, the accident causing injuries of a lasting nature of which an illness of several years' duration was the consequence. But the desire of sanctification, the thirst for suffering, the solicitude for the salvation of souls

which animated her, above all, the love of Christ crucified, enabled this young girl to bear pain and the privation of the pleasures belonging to her age with patience and resignation, with calmness and even joy: "that fall and this illness," she said one day, "has been a source of infinite blessings to me."

Xavérine's letters to her director—a simple and sincere out-pouring of her most secret thoughts—during the six ensuing years, show how her energetic character and ardent nature led her to resolve upon the complete immolation of self, the pure and perfect sacrifice which is required of a Carmelite. She could not be satisfied with an attempt to lead a religious life at home, with working, as she did most zealously, for the conversion and improvement of the dependents of her family, all indeed whom it was in her power to influence. "Thou knowest, O my God," she exclaims, "that it is not in the midst of the world that I would endeavour to preserve unsullied the pure gold which lies beneath the dunghill of my miseries, my infidelities; grant that I may serve Thee, and that soon, in the Order of our Lady, and become a worthy daughter of St. Teresa."

The state of her health, apparently an obstacle to her designs, served in a certain way to facilitate their accomplishment. Being ordered to pass the winter in Nice, she requested permission to go alone and reside in the Visitation Convent; thus the first separation from her relatives was made. When her parents proposed to fetch home their cherished child, she imparted to them her wish to become a Carmelite; with generous affection and sorrowful resignation they gave their consent. The following is part of a letter she wrote at this period to the Prioress at Poitiers:

Through the mercy of God and your charity, my Reverend Mother, I am entitled to call you by this name, and I venture to hope that you will be to me a spiritual Mother, truly solicitous for the salvation and perfection of my soul. I shall do my best to hasten the day which I anticipate with so much joy, when with the help of God, it will be entrusted to your care.

Though I speak thus of my own soul, Reverend Mother, do not imagine that it is of it alone I think in entering your house. Oh no! I know full well that St. Teresa does not merely desire the salvation of her daughters, she desires that they should pray, labour, and suffer for the Church, for the salvation of the children of the Church, and this it is which stimulates my longing to unite my voice to the cry of love and grief which ascends from all your hearts, when you reflect on the

afflictions of the Church, and the ever increasing iniquities of the enemies of God. I was thinking yesterday how long Jesus Christ had been made the victim of my sins, of my great and continued ingratitude, and I promised that from this time forth I would sacrifice myself—my worthless self—as a victim to His love. The love of Jesus! this is the Master whom I will serve, who shall henceforth rule over me, purify me of my guilt, and lead me to offer myself up daily as a victim on His altar. (vol. i. p. 227.)

When the moment of leaving home came, it was a bitter one to nature, though grace triumphed, and enabled her to forsake all she loved on earth to follow Christ. Before departing for the six months' sojourn at Nice, conscious that the separation would be a final one, she penned these lines :

Fiat Misericordia tua super nos, quemadmodum speravi in te. O my God, let Thy mercy be proportioned to my hope! Thou dost require from me the greatest sacrifice that Thou canst demand, that I should leave my beloved parents, far be it from me to refuse Thee this; Thou knowest that I will never again refuse anything Thou dost ask of me. But thou, Lord, art bound to give according as I have hoped in Thee; and what I ask is this, that within a few days the hearts of those I am leaving may be filled with peace, tranquillity and joy, so that they may acknowledge Thy mercy and power, and recognize the change worked by the right hand of the Most High. Would that I could witness the effects of Thy goodness! *Quoniam magnus es tu, et faciens mirabilia, tu es Deus solus!* But while I am here it is Thy justice that makes itself felt. I hasten, O my God, to accomplish my sacrifice. I fly to do Thy holy will; do Thou lead me and guide me, but at the same time remain present with those who are so dear to me. (vol. ii. p. 22.)

It will readily be believed that Mdlle. de Maistre made the most fervent of novices. None understood better than she did the double aim of the Carmelite, contemplation and expiation, prayer and penance offered up for the sanctification of one's own soul, and yet more emphatically for the conversion of sinners, the needs of the Church, the encouragement of the faithful. "We must strive," she would say, "to become saints, that God may grant to us other saints, more perfect than we are; let our charity be so great as to cover a multitude of sins, and make reparation for innumerable iniquities." In every action she sought what was most perfect; and in this life of sacrifice, of love and of suffering, the desire of her heart, the deepest needs of her spiritual nature found their full satisfaction. So rapid was her progress that three years after her admission

she was elected Sub-prioress ; six years later the community chose her for their Prioress. This charge was a heavy cross, but the will of God was manifest, and she submitted with courage. As a ruler she knew how to be both firm and kind ; severe upon herself, she was full of maternal gentleness towards her subjects. One day she requested one of the nuns to do something which she knew would be no small sacrifice to her : it was done without a moment's hesitation. "How was it, my child," she asked the Sister, "that you could obey with such alacrity when it cost you so sharp a pang ?" "The sacrifice was rendered quite easy, my Mother," was the reply, "by the gracious manner in which you asked it of me."

At the commencement of her priorate she writes thus to her mother :

I have a day of retreat, and will avail myself of the recreation-hour to spend a short time with you. I dare say you will like to know how the change of position affects me. For the first few days I was too utterly stupefied to feel it ; it seemed all a dream, from which I should shortly awaken. A knock came to my door, and a voice asked : "Is the Reverend Mother here ?" I answered coolly and in perfect good faith : "No, Sister, she is not." Now the reality of the matter forces itself on me, I find I am wide awake, and therefore cannot hope that the dream will come to a end ; besides a fresh wave of suffering has come over my soul. I must strive hard to keep up my faith and confidence, and make great use of the graces our Lord may give me for the discharge of my duties, and of which I stand in such great need ! (vol. i. p. 374.)

In the second year of her priorate Mère Thérèse's health, always very weak, quite broke down ; she was obliged to give up joining in the community exercises one after another, to leave off reciting the Office, and before long she was unable to perform the duties of her post. After two months of acute suffering, she died at the age of thirty-three years.

It is to be hoped that these Letters and Opuscles may find many readers, and that the object of the compiler, who has so carefully gathered together the fragments that nothing of what is so valuable might be lost, may be fully attained : the glory of God, the honour of the Carmelite Order, and the edification of Christians. *Laudetur Jesus Christus.*

6.—CARDINAL WISEMAN'S LECTURES ON THE CHURCH.¹

We welcome very cordially the reprint of Cardinal Wiseman's controversial lectures. Mr. T. Baker who sends us this new edition is certainly to be congratulated on the success of his first ventures as a publisher of Catholic books. The present volume is neatly bound, compact, well printed on good paper, and, most important of all, costs only a few shillings. We are glad to see an announcement of other similar re-issues, and if they maintain the high standard of the edition before us, we promise them confidently a large sale. As for the matter of the work, commendation on our part would be out of place. Delivered first in the year 1836, these lectures have long done good service in the Church's cause, and have helped more than one of the distinguished converts who, during the last fifty years in England, have read and prayed themselves into the Catholic Communion. In their complete form, as they are printed here, they cover all the main points at issue between Catholics and Anglicans,—the rule of faith, supremacy of the Holy See, Purgatory, Indulgences, penance, the invocation of saints, and especially Transubstantiation, are all clearly explained and discussed with considerable fulness of treatment. For anything more than this in works of controversy it may be doubted if there is much to choose between one book and another. Any theologian of repute may be trusted to present intelligibly the main features of the Church's position, and the effect which his work produces depends not so much on the manner in which the argument is developed, as upon the fair-mindedness and the degree of correspondence to grace that are present on the part of the reader. From this point of view it does not seem to us that the fact that the lectures were delivered so long ago is likely to interfere much with their usefulness. What is more important than novelty is that there should be no violence or acerbity of tone likely to wound the just susceptibilities of an opponent. This quality of moderation and courtesy is characteristic in an eminent degree of all that Cardinal Wiseman said or wrote.

² *Lectures on the Principal Doctrines and Practices of the Catholic Church.* By Nicholas Wiseman, D.D., late Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. London: Thomas Baker, 1888.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

Requiescant in Pace,¹ a set of short and clear meditations for the month of November, is issued by the Catholic Truth Society in good time for the season of special devotion on behalf of the Holy Souls in Purgatory. It is most welcome in the interests not only of the Holy Souls themselves, but of those who will use the meditations. Sympathy with the suffering has of itself a sanctifying influence, and sympathy is intensified the more we realize who they are who suffer and what they suffer. But the unseen is only realized by those who actively and frequently apply themselves to meditation. And, again, the more we realize what Purgatory is, the more earnest will be our efforts to satisfy God for past sin and to avoid in future whatever is likely to require expiation in Purgatory. The meditations have the merit of being short without being shallow, of being simple yet suggestive, and instructive as well as affective. Whoever helps to make them known will do a charity to the living and the dead.

We cannot do more than announce in our present number the re-publication, in pamphlet form, of the Articles by the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J., which have recently appeared in THE MONTH, on "The Alleged Antiquity of Anglicanism," in answer to Lord Selborne's *Defence of the Church of England against Disestablishment*. Father Smith's pamphlet² is a complete and crushing reply to the statements and arguments by which the noble Earl has attempted to prove the continuity of the Establishment. It is, moreover, written with a gentleness and moderation which add to its force and power to carry conviction to an opponent. We must confess that we do not see

¹ *Requiescant in Pace*. Short Meditations for the Month of November. By the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society, 18, West Square, 1888.

² *The Alleged Antiquity of Anglicanism*. By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society, 18, West Square, 1888.

what answer an intelligent and fair-minded man who reads it carefully can make to Father Smith's historical argument, or how he can avoid the conclusion to which that argument necessarily leads. Throughout the whole course of English history the Pope is a prominent figure whose acknowledged supremacy is about as clearly proved as any other historical fact can be proved, and all that appears to militate against this fact admits of easy explanation. Such is Father Smith's thesis, and his proof of it is most satisfactory.

*The Pope and the Protestant Tradition*¹ is a piquant *exposé* of all the absurd and outspoken calumnies uttered by the Protestant Tradition, from Luther to Littledale, respecting the Pope. We are too much inclined to think that the old prejudice against the Church has died out, or at all events given place to a spirit of indifferentism. This is not so. The Protestant tradition is as strong as ever in the great mass of our countrymen of the middle and upper-middle class. It has taken a fresh shape, and its modern exponent for High Church Anglicans is Dr. Littledale, who, we suppose, would not accept the name of Protestant. But Protestant he is, and a very bad type even of the genus Protestant. When he tells us that "it is the received principle of the Roman Church that no faith need be kept with heretics," he says what (unless he has blinded his eyes by continual assertion of what is false) he must know to be a lie. We hope that Father Mills will open the eyes of many Protestants to the nature of the blasphemous rubbish which forms the Protestant tradition. We must give one amusing instance of a proof that the Apocalyptic number of the Beast designates the Pope.

Hear what is said in Revelations: he hath caused all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive the mark in their right hand or on their foreheads. There was the mark, and it was 666, which means Latin King, Latin Pope, and infallible divine. The other day a number of priests took a cab to go home, and what do you think was the number of the cab?—666. (p. 54.)

Or again:

There is a fact connected with the voting of the prelates at the Vatican Council which is more than a coincidence. Five hundred and thirty-two Fathers voted for the dogma of infallibility, sixty-three voted for modifications, seventy voted against it or refused to vote, the Pope

¹ *The Pope and the Protestant Tradition.* By the Rev. A. Mills. London: D. Lane and Son, 310, Strand, 1888.

himself made one more, making the total number up to 666, which was the number of the beast in the Book of Revelations. (p. 55.)

Unfortunately the numbers were invented to make up the mystic total! This is a fair sample of argumentative Protestantism, its methods and its results. Catholic readers will find Father Mills' little book not only amusing, but very useful in enabling them to see how bitter and deeply-rooted is the ignorant prejudice that exists against the Church.

To the sons of St. Dominic¹ the privilege of maintaining and spreading the devotion to the Rosary specially belongs, and under the Pontificate of Leo the Thirteenth they have very exceptional opportunities of performing the glorious task they have inherited. Among the various signs of some great blessing for the Catholic Church to be bestowed at no distant time, the increase in devotion to the Rosary is one of the most encouraging. The Rosary has again and again been the means of averting evils from the Church and of gaining for her the victory over her enemies. "The Rosary," says Urban the Fourth, daily obtains fresh favours for Christendom." "This great and hope-inspiring devotion to the august Queen of Heaven," says our present Pontiff, "has never shone forth with greater brilliancy than when the militant Church of God has seemed to be endangered by the violence of widespread heresy, by intolerable moral corruption, or by the assaults of powerful enemies." These last words are taken from the Pope's first Encyclical on the Rosary which Father Lescher prints at the commencement of his timely little book. It is followed by a Brief issued on the occasion of the title, "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary" being added to the Litany. The body of his manual consists of a short history of the Rosary, an account of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary, of the Living Rosary, and Meditations on the various Mysteries, chiefly taken from Holy Scripture. The reader will find also many useful and practical hints respecting rosaries, the Indulgences and privileges attached to them. One thing we should have been glad to see, a few more details respecting the Bridgettine Indulgences and Bridgettine rosaries.

A welcome addition to the Penny Biographical Series of the Catholic Truth Society is now issued, viz., the *Life of St. Francis*

¹ *The Rosary of the Blessed Virgin.* By Fr. Wilfrid Lescher, O.P. London: Burns and Oates, 1888.

of Assisi,¹ and that of the *Blessed Clement Hofbauer*.² The latter is from the pen of Father Vassall, C.S.S.R., to whom our thanks are due for having already brought before our notice in a larger biography the labours and virtues of this heroic champion of the faith, one of the servants of God whose beatification gladdened the Church in the spring of the year. The career and work of St. Francis is too well known to need comment; but we must offer our congratulations to the compiler of the pamphlet before us on the success with which he compresses within so small a compass the leading incidents of so marvellous a life, and displays the salient characteristics of one of the most remarkable saints who adorn the Church of God.

*Monitum*³ is the title of a tiny pamphlet wherein the claim of the Church to be the sole divinely-appointed teacher of truth is asserted and established in forty-five propositions. It is intended for the educated classes, and may be obtained for the modest sum of a halfpenny.

Father Hoefer, whose interesting biography of the Apostle of the Negroes was lately brought before the notice of our readers, has now published under a corresponding form the Life of another of the recently canonized Jesuits, St. John Berchmans,⁴ termed the second Aloysius, on account of the many points of similarity existing between the two youthful saints. St. John Berchmans had not, it is true, the same brilliant worldly prospects to relinquish on entering the Society, no estates and no coronet were his by birth, but he had to make a sacrifice really though not apparently of greater difficulty to his loving and dutiful heart, for he had to encounter the tearful opposition of his parents who, having scarcely been able to afford their son the means of studying for the priesthood, naturally looked to him to help them in the support and education of the younger members of the family. The simplicity and innocence which characterized this fervent religious, the faultlessness of his conduct, his gentle and earnest disposition, the eminence of his virtue, are strikingly set forth and illustrated by numerous anecdotes.

¹ *St. Francis of Assisi*. By the Rev. J. Prendergast, O.S.F.

² *Blessed Clement Hofbauer*. By the Rev. O. R. Vassall, C.S.S.R. London: Catholic Truth Society (Biographical Series).

³ *Monitum*, or "One Lord, one Faith." London: Catholic Truth Society, 18, West Square, S.E.

⁴ *Leben des hl. Johannes Berchmans, S.J.* Festgabe zur Heiligsprechungs-Feier. Von Ferd. Höfer, S.J. Dülmen, 1888.

In our review of the first edition, at the beginning of last year, we expressed a hope that "*St. Augustine*¹ might soon reach, as it thoroughly deserves, a second edition" (*THE MONTH*, January, 1887, p. 127). Our hope has been realized, and we hasten to welcome the new volume enlarged by considerable additions. Among these are a good note to Chapter XXI., and two new chapters on St. Augustine and his Adversaries, and St. Augustine and his Disciples and Friends, respectively. These two chapters give a fuller picture of the Saint's character than was contained in the former edition, the last chapter especially adding to the portraiture of his most loveable character. The book, we rejoice to say, has been praised both by friend and foe, and it only remains for us to repeat what we said of it before, "We feel justified in recommending, with more than ordinary earnestness, this book to all who are in the position to further its wide circulation."

On the occasion of the first feast of St. Peter Claver, the Apostle of the Negroes, Father Proctor preached his panegyric at St. Francis Xavier's Church, Liverpool. The motto which runs through the sermon are the words originally applied to St. Francis Xavier: *Totus Dei, totus sui, totus proximi*—"Full of the love of God, ever working for his own sanctification, and therefore wholly devoted to the service of his neighbour." If any one desires to read in brief a sketch of the wonderful life of St. Peter Claver, he will find it admirably summed up in Father Proctor's eloquent and learned discourse.²

¹ *St. Augustine, Bishop and Doctor*. A Historical Study. By a Priest of the Congregation of the Mission. Second Edition, much enlarged. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, O'Connell Street, 1888.

² *St. Peter Claver of the Society of Jesus*. "The Apostle of the Negroes." By the Very Rev. Father John Proctor, O.P. London: Burns and Oates, Ltd., 1888.

II.—MAGAZINES.

In the pages of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, the leading error of Rosmini's philosophy, which is a sort of ontologism, is exposed, as well as the futility of his attempt to bring it into harmony, by means of certain modifications, with the teaching of the schools, to which it is radically opposed. The Rosminian system, lately condemned, is pronounced to be nothing else than a reproduction of the pantheism of German philosophers. The view taken of the career of Joan of Arc by French and English historians was considered by Father Duhr in a former number of the *Stimmen*: he now turns to German writers, by whom the visions and exploits of the Maid of Orleans are judged with colder criticism. As the result of his researches Father Duhr finds a consensus of opinion that at least she possessed *mens sana in corpore sano*, that no wilful imposture can be detected on her part or that of her fellow-countrymen, and that much in her life cannot possibly be accounted for by natural causes. In a second article on the true resting-place of the Prince of the Apostles, the authenticity of the tradition which points to the tomb in St. Peter's in Rome is fully established, not only on the authority of isolated writers, but by a chain of evidence both ecclesiastical and secular from the second century downwards. The erection of a splendid basilica by Constantine the Great over the spot where the remains of St. Peter were interred, is an undeniable fact; and that it was rebuilt in the sixteenth century in its present and more extensive form, is testified to by the civil records of the Vatican and by inscriptions on some portions of the former building. Father Baumgartner contributes a review of the life and writings of the Russian novelist Tourgenef, now of European celebrity, to whose works a high rank in contemporary literature has been accorded.

The critics by whom the authenticity of one portion after another of Holy Scripture is called in question, find their objections promptly and ably answered by contributors to the *Katholik*. In the number before us (September) the points of dissimilarity, external and internal, between the Gospel of St. John and the narrative of the three other Evangelists, sufficiently considerable to afford at first sight ground for attack, are taken under consideration and explained as in no wise casting any doubt on the authorship of the fourth Gospel.

The history of a remarkable and singularly interesting conversion is given in the *Katholik*, that of a German Jew in the twelfth century, who afterwards became a Premonstratensian monk. The narrative, which gives an insight into the relations between Jews and Christians at that period, will be concluded in the next number. In another article the conduct to be pursued in the confessional with regard to those who fall into sin through wilful non-avoidance of dangerous occasions, is discussed; a short space is furthermore devoted to some remarks on the valuable assistance rendered by the Society of Jesus in carrying on the work of Sunday catechising, and on the satisfactory and successful character of the proceedings of the recent Catholic Congress in Freiburg.

Attention is called by the *Civiltà Cattolica* (918) to the religious condition of Italian emigrants in America. The number of these voluntary exiles may be counted yearly by thousands; it is calculated that there are half a million in the United States, in New York alone seventy-five thousand, and of these the vast majority lose not only all affection for the country they have abandoned, but live in neglect of the faith in which they have been brought up. To remedy this great evil more priests of their own nation are needed in America, and churches specially destined for these Italians, who understand no language but their own, and are for the most part extremely destitute. The character of sacred music, of music that is, in relation to and connection with Divine worship, forms the subject of another article. In all lands and all ages the mysterious power of music has been recognized, and to accompany religious rites and ceremonies has been its primitive and principal use. The discussion of the alleged similarity between the symptoms of hysteria and supernatural ecstasies is continued (919). The rigorous scrutiny enforced by the Church on this point in the process of canonization of ecstasies is dwelt on. The liberality of Italian Catholics in compensating by voluntary gifts to charitable institutions for the sacrilegious spoliation and official robbery which has deprived them of the means of maintenance is most edifying; the *Civiltà* produces statistics to show that in the almost fabulous sum contributed to private or public charities, and for the restoration and support of churches, Italy is second only to France. The advisability of rendering all religious works independent of the Government is strongly urged. The archæological notes contain some interesting matter

concerning the extension of the hands in prayer customary among the early Christians, as represented in bas-reliefs and sculptures.

The *Études* for September opens with an article on the Roman Question, now become an International Question, and no nearer solution now than it was eighteen years ago. Before the hosannas of the Jubilee have died away, the Italian Government utters its *crucifigatur*, by issuing the new Penal Code, destined, as the *Études* remarks, to silence the clergy, deter them from the performance of their duty, and reduce them to servitude to the State. Father Bonniot, continuing his essay on Instinct and Transformism, points out that the modern theory to which this designation is given endeavours to explain away animal instinct as hereditary habitual actions, originally intelligent and influenced in part by fortuitous occurrences and by environment. Father Delaporte contributes an excellent article on the present official education in France, which is asserted by its promoters to be calculated to produce not only *scholars*, but *men* in the best sense of the word. Father Delaporte declares that under the present system, owing to the absence of all moral training, the injudicious selection of studies, and the amount of subjects required from each pupil, the lyceum becomes a school of vice, impiety, and insubordination. In the following number (October) the same writer sketches the salient characteristics of one who may be called a model to all engaged in the education of youth, Father Pillon, S.J., a man exceptionally fitted by nature and grace, in person and character, for the work to which he devoted himself. Combining paternal authority with maternal kindness, he commanded the respect, obedience, and love of all his pupils, to whom he was at once the *recteur magnifique*, and the *père bien-aimé*. In the same number is another extremely attractive biographical notice, that of Princess Louise de Condé, foundress of the Benedictine Convent of the Temple. That house has now disappeared, and the remains of its foundress rest in the Benedictine chapel in the Rue Monsieur in Paris, where some precious relics of this worthy daughter of a noble race and of several royal personages are preserved. Mention must also be made of an able and lucid essay on the true basis of morality and justice, read at the International Congress of Savants, and an interesting article on the nature, use, and abuse of alcohol.

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